CAIN,

A POEM;

Containing an Antidote

TO THE

IMPIETY AND BLASPHEMY

OF

LORD BYRON'S CAIN.

PART I.

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A POEM,

INTENDED TO BE PUBLISHED IN PARTS,

CONTAINING

AN ANTIDOTE

TO THE

IMPIETY AND BLASPHEMY

OF

LORD BYRON'S CAIN;

With Notes, &c.

PART I.

BY HENRY WILKINSON, STONE-GATE, YORK.

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DEDICATED

TO THE LOVERS OF TRUTH,

AND THE

Believers in the Christian Religion.

159827

PREFACE.

Of a Work, which is incomplete, some account is necessary.—Authors, who indulge in egotism, however essential to explanation, should equally avoid the meanness of timidity, and the assumption of arrogance.—Pride, however justified by genius, should be restrained by modesty, and amplification contracted into conciseness.

The ensuing preface, or rather sketch, was written (when all prefaces should be written) subsequently to the completion of the contents it precedes, and without that attention to order and arrangement which some Authors are so ambitious to display.—It was written, also, after it ought to have been written; namely, after the other part of this number had been sent to the press.—At a very early age, the Author read, with great delight, Gesner's Death of Abel, and the First Edition of Pope, which were, with a small collection of books, in the house where he was born. He was particularly delighted with Gesner's work, and immediately commenced writing poetry upon a circle; also, ——— an Ode to Space, and on several other subjects.—These productions are lost.—Soon afterwards he conceived the idea of writing an Epic Poem, commencing where Gesner's ended, namely, after Cain and his wife's departure for the wilderness.—Part of this poem was written on any piece of paper that first came to hand, and entered into a small book: also lost.—A fair copy was made of the poetry that had been previously written in another book, mixed with additions composed as the copying proceeded, in which a design was sketched of the intended poem.

Some poetry was entered in sum books; and in 1793, additions were still made.—Previous to this time, the Author consulted his father, who had been the confidential servant of the celebrated Lord Lyttleton, about his poetry, who told him that all had been written that could be written, and that any additional work of poetry must necessarily be plagiarism. The Author was anxious to learn something more, and obtained a sight of some Reviews which totally sickened him.—In 1794, additional poetry having been composed, he formed the valorous resolution of proceeding with the work, and copied the invocation, &c. until he arrived at the description of death; when, instead of a copy, fresh additions were made, which now appear, but he did not know how to connect these additions with what followed; and the rest of the poem was in the same state. He left the first blank unfilled, and proceeded with the copy from the line.

His meteor eyes like suns through darkness shone,

But ended without copying the whole of what had been written. A part of a fragment upon Creation, and some other Poetry, besides part of the copy of the intended Epic Poem, with the commencement of an Ode to Poetry, were entered in a large book, the property of the Author's great uncle-in-law, who was an attorney, in which was also copied many law precedents, when the Author had been admitted into the same profession—and a part Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries.

Since that time, the Author has abandoned the work, being con.

vinced he was not a Poet; and, therefore, determined not to continue, or publish, that which he was apprehensive would subject him to ridicule.

A short time previous to the late York Musical Festival, happening to be in company with two young Gentlemen who are artists, already eminent in their profession, he casually recited the invocation and other parts of the original work.—Their opinion was, that what he recited was poetical, and they advised him to complete the work.—On his informing them that the intended Epic Poem was intituled Cain, a conversation ensued relative to Lord Byron's Cain.—Of Lord Byron, the Author had heard of course, but he had not read any of his works excepting the Farewell and the Corsair.

On inquiring relative to the plan, &c. of Byron's Cain, he received such information as the reader may easily conceive.—Curiosity was excited, and he attempted to gratify it by purchasing the book in York, but to the credit of the York booksellers not one of them could supply the solitary demand, and he was informed, that from being originally published in a respectable edition, it was sold at a cheap rate in Leeds.

The Author employed a guard of one of the Leeds coaches to procure the work; and although he had previously been informed of its cheapness, was rather astonished at its appearance, unbound, ungarnished, unadorned,

"Fal'n, Fal'n, Fal'n, Fal'n,
Fal'n from *its* high estate—"

And sold at the price of Eighteen-pence!

Indignation followed the perusal of this Cain, and an immediate determination to refute its sophistry and ignorance.

The profession of the Law has, until lately, occupied the Author's time, and he had not read a Review for nearly 30 years, nor indeed any of those works which may be termed modern Poetry.—The great mental difficulty he had to encounter, was the opinion that he could not write poetry at all, (which opinion may be confirmed by the critics) and it was necessary to fill up the chasms in the original work.—These chasms were filled with connecting lines with more facility than he expected.

Of this original Poetry, that which is not now published will appear in a subsequent part of this Work, with considerable additions, and will follow the conclusion of the poetical argument against Lord Byron's Cain, and the completion of the notes which may appear necessary to detect its falsehoods, and expose its absurdities.

The prospect of attempting to reason in rhyme, was by no means agreeable.

Poetry shrinks back alarmed at the approach of disquisition.

The slowly increasing light of morn, the disclosing landscape, the rising glow that faintly tinges the clouds, the blushing spread that ripens in the beams of the rising sun, the mazy river, and the wide spread vale, terminated by the misty mountain, may be depictured in all the charms of language, and the fascinations of description.

But to argue with facility in rhyme is impossible.—To arrange each couplet into corresponding termination, to make that smooth which is in itself uncouth and rugged, to form a length of concatenated ratiocination, and subordinate metre, and to intersperse the language with the graces of poetry, is the hardest task an Author can accomplish.—These difficulties should disarm the severity of criticism when it visits such attempts with its inquisition.—The Author, however, proceeded, as well as he was able, with the argumentative poetry which appears in this book—and the notes were added, from the conviction, that the work, they in part criticise, is not worth a full poetical answer.

Now, reader, the terrible ego commences, but it shall be hid as much as possible.—During the time in which these lines were written, it struck me that poetry had been too long subjected to the arbitrary decisions of critics in their judgment of its productions, by what they call rules, that the alleged necessity of syllabical uniformity relaxed only by the permission of the Alexandrine, and triplet in poems, of the general length of ten syllables, is injurious to the sense, the spirit, and the beauty of poetic composition.

An adherence to these assumed rules was almost commanded by a man whose memory I have always contemplated with reverence and admiration, whose literary excellencies are so numerous, that they are almost invariable; the great master and teacher of the English language; whose criticisms are generally vigorous, acute, and just, but whose mistaken maxims, or dogmatic decisions, I will neither adopt, admit, nor excuse.

In Dr. Johnson's eulogy upon Swift, it is a part of his commendation that the rhymes are *exact*.—Exactitude is intitled to as much praise as the ridiculous attempt to confine translation to a similar number of lines which constituted the work translated.

He has asserted, that the 'essence of verse is regularity, its ornament variety;' that 'the Alexandrine breaks the *lawful bounds* and *surprises* the reader with more lines than he expected.'—Another assertion follows, that the effect of the triplet is the same, and that triplets and Alexandrines, inserted by *caprice*, are *interruptions* of that *constancy* which *science* requires.

These remarks betray the ignorance of misconception, the cant of criticism, and the folly of contradiction.

Regularity, if it means any thing, is synonymous with uniformity; and its essence, if like poetry it has an essence, must be precision and exactitude.—The motion of a wheel, which does not vary, is therefore regular; and if it does like the wheel of a mill, urged by the varying stream, it must be, of course, irregular, and be the opposite of *that constancy* which it seems science requires.—It must be evident, therefore, that regularity and variety cannot be co-existent.—There is another mistake—Poetry, unless it contains the musical principles of sound, cannot be science.—The rules of science, properly speaking, are invariable.—Any attempt to decorate uniformity with the charms of variety, appears to be vain.

I will suppose a man to be travelling over an immense and level plain:

Though the path may be variegated with shrubs, and diversified with flowers, the mixture of bud and blossom, of blush and bloom, of tint and odour, in all the perfumed scents of fragrance, and the richness of inexhaustible luxuriance, the consequence of protracted travel would be insipidity, satiety, or disgust; but when the imagination is transported to the turbulence of foam, and rocked on the surges of commotion, when the muse heaves with the storm, and rides upon the tempest, we hail with pleasure the hope of returning safety, and delight in anticipating our enjoyments in the harbour of security. Sometimes the measure of music, the music of poetry, should be equal and adorned, at others it should surprise by its abruptness, astonish by the lengthened intonations of its thunder, and like the non-elemental war of Chaos, roar in the mingling confusion and crash of discord, and swell like the wild tumult of conflicting ocean.

Although the flowers and the shrubs might ornament the path, yet the continuance of the same objects would produce similarity instead of variety; but, in the proper sense of the Doctor's definition, their union is impracticable.

It would be unjust to omit what follows the sentence ending with—"The essence of verse is regularity, its ornament, variety." The Doctor adds—"To write verse is to dispose syllables and sounds *harmonically*, by some *known* and *settled rule*, a rule, however lax enough to substitute similitude for identity, to admit change without breach of order, and to relieve the ear without disappointing it." These words sound well; nothing more. How a poet can dispose sounds harmonically, by a known and settled rule, it is difficult to imagine. Who made the rule? If it meant syllabic recurrence, that would not, in itself, produce harmony; if not, what was the rule, and what did it teach? But the rule must be lax enough to substitute similitude for identity. There is nothing similar in nature. Identity is defined, by the Doctor, to be sameness, or, implying the same thing. If so, both identity and similarity are not the thing itself, in which case, the laxity, as it is called, necessitates the poet to abandon the description of the original image—a false description must be substituted for a real one—absurdity for propriety, and just representation excluded, where its admission would not only add beauty to language, but extend this limited harmony to the almost endless diversity of musical change.

But change is to be admitted without breach of order. If this remark applied to the rule of recurrence, it involves an impossibility; change is another opposite to regularity. Whatever he meant by change, it must be a subversion of the rule, as far as the change extends. What he meant, by relieving the ear without disappointing it, is useless to inquire.

Such is the pompous declamation of a great man, exhibiting the darkness and confusion of obscurity, instead of luminous perspicacity and clearness of definition.

ACTUAL variety diversifies description and delights the mind; and yet, variety is to be fettered in the trammels of sameness, and genius confined in the chains of restriction.

Who feels equal pleasure, in contemplating from the shrub-tufted cliff, the peaceful vale below, smiling in verdure, reposing in tranquillity,

with its meandering stream, and smoke-curling cot,—as he who has hunted the chamois from rock to rock, from height to height, and from precipice to precipice;—who has dashed through the torrent, and braved the mountain storm, and who descends to enjoy the sweets of security, and the calm of repose.

Why are the *notes* to be of the same number, the metre of the same length, in describing the level of the plain, the fragrancy of the flowers and shrubs, the foam-tossed ocean, the rushing torrent, and the steepy precipice. Why should the delineation of steril nakedness, and tranquil beauty, be limited to the exactitude of syllabic arrangement, and the tiresome monotony of recurrent measure.

Sometimes, the language, the sound, the music of poetry, should contract into compression, dilate into expansion, or languish into evanescence; sometimes be broken, rugged, short, and interrupted; soft, easy, and mellifluous; and then burst forth into the lengthened swell of congregated harmony.

Contrast is one of the effects of variety.

In contemplating Siberian gloom, or Icelandic chillness, the dingy sea, the snow-clad mountain, and the native hut—where all is cold, cheerless, desolate, and the picture seems freezing into solidity—we are pleased to observe more of the painter's masterly productions, (painting, the dear sister of poetry;) some exhibiting the meridian fire of an Italian sky, burning in beauty, beaming in cerulean blue, and others glowing, melting, in the mellowed rays of tinted eve.

Relief and pleasure are produced from contrast. The contrast of pictures, the contrast of sound, and the contrast of description.

The cloud-like and stormy dash of the rushing cataract, obstructed, tumbling with headlong fury, spray-spreading in misty wreaths, or shot with slant precipitant in continuous fall; and the tinkling rill, the wood-topt hill, and the far-spread vale; the ample sweep, and vast expand of the transatlantic river, fed by innumerous streams, and the limited meander of the murmuring brook; the smooth expanse of the placid lake; and the foam, the rage, the thunder, of Niagara's cataractal cauldron;—are all, forsooth, to be depictured in the same number of syllables.

Uniformity, whether in music or poetic metre, must be tedious, and the more the measure corresponds, the less can it be relieved.

But arbitrary and ridiculous *rules* are to be imposed and obeyed, or the poet castigated with criticism's venomed lash; rules, which Ariosto despised, and Shakspeare scorned.

Yet, Ariosto and Shakspeare are read, while the works of those, who wrote from rules, are buried in Stygian gloom and merited obscurity. Of many instances of this truth, the tragedy of the Great Critic is a powerful example.*

The progress of poetry, and the improvements of science, are naturally progressive.

Dryden introduced majesty and smoothness, and in a great measure rescued poesy from barbarism; but he nevertheless proved how

* This remark only applies to the Tragedy of the Learned Doctor.

difficult it is to escape from settled habits, and previous absurdity. His quaint conceits, far fetched allusions, and ridiculous comparisons, excite disgust. Pope polished our poetical language into brilliance, softened it into grace, and mellowed it into harmony. His fault is that he surfeits his readers with sweetness.

It is the nature of genius to conquer difficulties—and their works are not only proofs of this assertion, but shew how much could be done in that confinement of their talents to which they subjected themselves.

In their regular poems, they did all that could be done consistent with the limitation.—Two men could not bring any art to perfection, but critics had not the wit to invent the *modes* which they adopted. Poets have beside forged their own fetters, and transformed themselves into critics. Pope, by a side attack, ridiculed the Alexandrine :

> " Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
> With some *unmeaning* thing they call a *thought*,
> A needless Alexandrine, ends the song,
> That like a wounded snake dragg'd its slow length along."

As to the snake and the drag, none but fools could write such an Alexandrine, as would drag at all; and Pope exhibited an instance that an Alexandrine can combine strength, melody, and propriety—for instance :

> " The long majestic march, and energy divine."

It is frequently necessary to express an idea which only twelve syllables can describe. A triplet is equally necessary where the image is too great for two lines, and too little for four. And yet the learned Doctor says, "and though the variety which they produce may very justly be desired, yet to make our *poetry exact*, there ought to be some mode *stated* of admitting them :" so much for dogmatical decision.

An ample field lies before me, but I have not time to explore it; I will refute the Doctor upon his ridicule of sounds in the next part of this work, and suppress what might be here added, introducing a few concluding remarks and curtailing them as much as is possible.

I read Burke upon the Sublime many years since, and I think he held the same doctrine as Johnson, relative to sounds; if so, his opinions upon this point shall be included in the confutation.

Doctor Johnson also says, "The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English Poet into the periods of a declaimer."

Genius is the rare combination of invention, taste, and judgment; invention to create, taste to select, and judgment to reject or approve. Words do not alter the qualities of things.

When Virgil wrote his poetry, he exercised invention when his imagination conceived, or his fancy created; taste in the immediate selection of the most beautiful or appropriate ideas; and judgment when he rejected, blotted out, or retained, what he had previously written. But the genius of Virgil was slow and imitative, cautious and chaste. Shakspeare was the greatest genius that ever existed. He saw through nature and character at a glance—with him creation and appreciation were simultaneous; and all the originality, the

fidelity, and the inexhaustible variety of his images, would have been obscured, weakened, or lost, if he had attempted to write by rules.

What a terrible impudent man he must have been.—He took the liberty of thinking for himself.—Genius blends thoughts that cannot be perceived by the common mind; approximates ideas, obscured or hid by their remoteness; and perceives comparative resemblance from the humble weed to the rolling sphere.—It cloathes its ideas with rapture's colouring, or passion's glow; gives animation to grace, captivation to beauty, and splendour to sublimity.—Language is perfect when in picturesque delineation it is the unperceived reflector of what it describes; when the objects are *seen*, and the medium of their representation is mentally invisible. When the creating power of invention gives only the outline, the sketching of description, the bold stroke or dash of nature or of character, the mind of its admirer wonders at the facility with which it colours, shadows, and fills the picture, and fancies it its own. I am called again by brevity to business or could go on.

Of verse heroic we are gravely told, that (except as aforesaid) every line must consist of ten syllables, except as to such lines where couplets are made of eleven syllables by an additional syllable at the end, such as—

> "These Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
> And beaus in snuff boxes, and tweezer cases."

Of course, any other such that might end arses, farces, ct. But that this *heroic work* must not be introduced too frequently is also told.

What a pity?

But to return to the Doctor. If there is any relief in English Poetry, from the dulness of prescribed syllabick arrangement, it is by the introduction of pauses, not only in blank verse, but also in rhyme.

The only difference between blank verse and rhyme, in this respect, is that in the first it is easy to introduce them, in the last difficult. The pauses or rests constitute peculiar beauty in poetical description.

Poesy has been imprisoned in certain bounds, and fettered in chains; she has frequently attempted to escape to wander unrestrained, to sing in varied strains the charming diversity of nature, but the critical lash hath driven her back to confinement.

Let me not be misunderstood. My assertion generally is, that wherever the thought requires it, no matter what may be the general number of lines, the poet is entitled to reduce or enlarge them so as best to express the idea he wishes to describe; that rules are artificial and arbitrary, and that they are not strictly rules, but modes adopted or invented by different Poets, &c. producing some others invented by critics;—that the limitation of poetry to a certain number of syllables destroys that beauty which would be exhibited, were the objects or sentiments described in a greater or smaller number of words and syllables, where the subject demands it;—that exactitude causes the rejection of appropriate, and the adoption of improper terms, and thereby frequently injures the sense and terminations, by the necessity of introducing an ending to correspond with a previous termination, which would have been different if the first line could have been

enlarged;—and that poetic melody or harmony are not produced by the precise recurrence of syllables, but by the musical arrangement of words and syllables, (without any regard to precision) which would constitute poetic music, from their being long or short, from their pronounciation and accent, independently of any exact or invariable regular arrangement, which, with the exception of the Alexandrine and triplet, is enjoined.

The absurd confinement of poetry to uniformity has not only caused the greatest injury to poetic expression, but, like a prisoner in "durance vile," who, to relieve the tedium of confinement, tries to vary his permitted walk, cultivate his little garden, and decorate it with flowers, has caused the introduction of those very beauties the Doctor ridicules.

Poetry, as a series of sounds, is like music.—The rush and destruction of the whirlwind, or the devastation and wild rage of the West Indian Hurricane, after being described in representative words and sounds, as similar to the description as language can convey, should be succeeded by soft, sweet, easy, and flowing sounds, imitating the return of peace and tranquillity; and before the transition takes place, there is a calm, a pause, a rest in nature, requiring a pause in the poetic description. In music, after the congregated sounds produced by a full band, imitative of storms, tumult, &c. the whole stop or pause, and then the principal performer fills the ear with melodious strains, or, after a mighty rush or full mixture of sounds, there is a definite silence, a full pause or rest, and harmonious strains, faintly sweet, steal gently swelling, and sooth the mind by their softened measure. Another part of music is where it "languishes into evanescence."

I cannot well omit the following lines, part of my original poem, written in addition to it, previous to the York Musical Meeting, which illustrate the previous remark. After a storm, a whirlwind, darkness, &c. Michael appears surrounded with glory to Sin and Death:—

> "His seraph face in awful anger glow'd,
> In lambent fire, the great Archangel stood—
> Erect in glore, severe, serenely bright.
> His beauty bloomed, but sickened on their sight,
> Melodious strains, with harmonies divine,
> Like music's echoes, swelled in dulcet chime;
> Then gently sinking to a dying close,
> Soft hush'd the solemn tones in calm repose."

Poetry will never be perfect, until by suspending, extending, or contracting its notes or number of words, and syllables, varying, swelling, &c. it shall be permitted to imitate music, and be as much as is possible the echo both of sense and sound.

The ear is the great judge in both arts or sciences. Discord will soon disgust, tameness or similarity tire, and sweetness surfeit. Pauses constitute relief and beauty; without them our poetry would be lifeless. I could insert numerous examples, but have not room.

Let the poet put them where he likes, while his ear is satisfied.

I may here introduce another proof of the necessity of pauses, when the subject is solemn:—

" Death frown'd ;——unmov'd he frown'd.——Sad nature sigh'd,
Deep in her inmost caves.——The rushing tide,
That roar'd its passage 'mong the mossy hills,
Swell'd by the springs of Heav'n and mountain rills,
Stood still.——He spoke.——Chill through the soul of night, &c."

Now, it is evident that these pauses are necessary; the pointing and rests shew the manner of reading these lines, that is, slow and with attention to the pauses; it would be nonsense if the last line were read—

" Stood still, he spoke, chill through the soul of night,"

I have heard, but cannot believe it, that some gentlemen Reviewers have altered the pointing in their review, purposely to render the poetry reviewed gross absurdity. The great truth is, that it is a mistaken idea, that harmony is caused by the exact recurrence of limited numbers: it is produced by the notes in poetry, by the sound of syllables which sound nearly as differently as the notes in music, from their being long or short, contracted or lengthened in their pronunciation; so that it is not the exact number of syllables which cause melody or harmony, but they may be produced by introducing lines of an unequal number of syllables.

The ear, it may be called the ear of taste, is the great judge of the euphony of language. One word or two, at the Doctor's definition, I must bring in. It is the assumption of arrogance and the boldness of assertion, unsupported by precedent, unestablished by argument.—"The lovers of blank verse boasted of the variety of pauses." If they did, it was not without reason, for blank verse would soon descend to prose without them, and rhyme verse into the bargain; they are one great source of melody, harmony, and variety. Where the subject is grave, solemn, broken, or interrupted, or silence succeeds, no matter what, so should the pauses cause the line or lines to vary with rests, &c. to imitate the sound and sense. In silence, the absence of sound—what so proper as a long pause? But the arrogance of the assertion continues. "These pauses change the measures of an English poet into the periods of a declaimer." Here is a mixture of falsehood and contradiction; they do not change periods generally, for they are frequently used before they occur. They do not spoil poetry, although they are compared to a declaimer's period, even if they are put for rests after a period. Pauses are frequently required for the purposes of allowiug the hearer or reader to rest or recollect the previous images, or description, or argument.

Admitting the pauses in poetry are like the periods of a declaimer, the Doctor contradicts his own ridicule, because the object of declamation is to affect the passions. Is not that one of the objects of poetry? I would ask, what intitled the Doctor to assume the connection of poetic pauses with declamation? I advise all young poets to avoid the perusal of critical works, as they would the plague, or they will abandon poetry in despair. They are only calculated to choak genius. Rules out of number—dactyls, spondees, hexameters, &c. with some terrible long Greek names, enough to frighten not only children but adults.

The best poets are the best models subject to their being improved. Critics have not possessed wit enough to make rules themselves.—Their title to their assumed jurisdiction is bad in the commencement.—Aristotle, who is called the father of critics, filched all he could from Homer, and swallowed all he could digest at the performances of

Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles; and the discoveries he made, from the productions of the poets, caused the adoption of his system of what are called rules.—Where would he have been unless the poets had furnished him with materials?

Later critics have adopted their father's tyranny, and also almost all his decisions. What astonishing discoveries! the three great unities! a certain book or poem must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, &c. &c. so must a spindle.

These and other dogmas applied to poetic composition, as they increased, multiplied the rules, and caused the production of others, which critics call their own.—They are as complex as any critic can desire; a sort of abstract reasoning or decisions of critical law, chiefly extracted from the effects produced by imagination; precedents established by fancy!—However, all poets were wrong, and who, according to critics, can be right.

The best of the joke is, that they have quarrelled amongst themselves.

Who can decide when Doctors disagree.—Shakspeare knew not rules, or laughed at their absurdities—at least, at those that existed in his time.—What a satire upon criticism!

Brevity gives me another jog.

The following lines written by myself are introduced as examples of my foregoing assertion, that syllabic exactitude is not necessary to constitute poetry, &c.—Of course, these examples apply to poems whose general length is composed of ten syllables,

Created, now Creator I defy!

That pale through death's deep valley gleam'd with darkening flight.
(13 syllables.)

Who will deny that the last line is poetical, or instantly perceive that it is only three syllables longer than the first?—To make elisions, when the ear prefers them, is the admitted right of poets and versifiers.

The valley of the Chamois Hunter,

Sequester'd spot of undisturbed repose—
(11 syllables.)

A description of the fall of Niagara will appear, but the following line does not form a part of it:—

Dash'd to the boiling depth below, in cataractal roar—
(14 syllables.)

The Chamois Hunter in the heat of the chase,

And now from rock to rock, from height to height, he bold, elastic springs—
(16 syllables.)

Will any critic assert the description in the two last lines could have been so well expressed in ten syllables?

And love, in rapture cloathed, immortal bliss inspires—
(12 syllables.)

Suns seem hoar shades, expanded heaven a shade—
(11 syllables.)

And fierce the furious battle rag'd, and close the conflict grew—
(15 syllables.)

The rocky strata heaved, and loud the earthquake burst—
(13 syllables.)

There bloom the flowers, there buds the blushing rose—
(11 syllables.)

There the wild woodbine twines, the fragrant hawthorn blows—
(12 syllables.)

At this moment I am tempted to try a longer line—

And then by murmuring streams, and sunny banks, the weary Pilgrims trod—
(17 syllables.)

By altering pilgrims to travellers, it would be 18 syllables. Lines of different measure may extend to many couplets or not. Transition of measure not only relieves the ear, but produces poetical harmony and fidelity of description. It suggests itself to my mind to write some lines relative to the York Musical Festival.

SCENE—THE MINSTER.

The lofty vault with mingling echoes rung,
Delightful songs enchanting beauty sung,
Then softly spreads the flute's mellifluous sound,
Then the full chorus bursts, the rolling drums resound;
Now stealing, sweet, involved, in music's melting strain,
Like the wild warbling notes when Nightingales complain;

I had procedeed thus far, and read these lines to a few friends, where one of them said they were plagiarism from Pope—I had not read Pope's ode to St. Cecilia's Day, for 30 years, (the book that contained the ode in my edition was lost) and my objecting friend borrowed it.

I have only time to introduce Pope's triplet, and two other lines with some remarks—

"Let the loud trumpet sound,
"Till the *roofs all around*
"The shrill echoes rebound."

With respect to "the *roofs*," which is not a very poetical term for that of which nothing had been told, these roofs must have been either numerous or extensive, as they were *all around*.

It is difficult to distinguish whether the rebounding was produced by the trumpet alone, or whether the echoes were caused by the Instruments previously described, also by the trumpet and by the singing of the nine muses, who were called upon to *descend* and wake the strings and *inspire* the instruments. After producing these effects, they were also called upon to become performers, and sweep the lyre, and afterwards to let the lute complain, and the trumpet sound. However, I suppose that Pope meant the sounds of several instruments.

Rebound! This word reminds me of a ball impeted by a cricket-bat, rebounding from a wall, instead of reverberation.—My opinion is, that the sounds of a band of music in a Cathedral, or lofty building, would ascend, and only, in a slight degree, mingle in the rapidity of their ascension; that when they arrived at the roof, and were repressed or stopped by its resistance, they would spread along its arched vault,

opposing, contracting, and partly mixing together (something like the undulations of water, acting from various centres, from several stones being thrown into it of different sizes,) until they were blended or commingled; and then the full echo would produce a sort of diapason of the whole congregated sounds. Of course, these effects would be best distiuguished in a pause.———This is not much like rebounding.—I observe that in Pope's ode the *spreading* sounds *filled* the skies, although they must have been stopped by the roofs "*all around.*"

Two other lines in this ode are—

> And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
> To arms, to arms, to arms!

This idea (or ideas) appears to be unnatural, extravagant, and impossible.—Water conveys and spreads sound, but does not produce retrocession.—How the skies could join in the rebound of—To arms, to arms, to arms! was very odd; instead of rebounding, the sounds would be lost in evanescence. Rebounding from rocks is equally absurd. Sounds when repressed by rocks, would spread along their sides, and, in part, escape into the atmosphere above them.—In this spreading they would mingle and blend more in ellipses, or elongations, than when commingling along the roof of a Cathedral.—The rocks might produce an echo which might be repeated from some bend or incurved sweep of them, but the sounds or echoes could not be fully reverberated but by the ultimate retrocession, and vibrations of echo or sound; whereas the idea, produced by rebounding, conveys an instantaneous effect.

There must have been a miraculous echo if the seas, and rocks, and skies, could rebound—

> To arms, to arms, to arms!

In continuation of the lines upon the performances at the Minster, I can only now add—

> Or like the faintness of the distant horn,
> Heard from the mountain top't with blushing morn.

My printer calls: I must obey, and finish these lines in the next edition, merely remarking that of the eight lines relative to the Music Meeting, the 1st two are 10 syllables, the 3d 11, 4th 12, 5th 13, 6th 12, and the two last 10.

Those who criticise by the yard, may feel indignant at the previous argument and illustration; but they ought to be partial to lengthened measure. I deny the literary legality of the rules altogether. It reminds me of Jonson's distich:—

> "By line and rule
> Works many a fool."

I would not for the world have it thought, that the following alteration applies to the present race of critics:—

> "Rob us of rules
> And we are fools."

Taste and appreciation are more or less implanted in the human mind. Good sense is the great foundation of criticism. Intuitive taste frequently distinguishes beauties and detects errors. I have known a man, unacquainted with the art of painting, perceive and point out the

faults or the beauties of a picture.* True genius may defy criticism. The sweetness, the truth, the simplicity, and the elegance of Goldsmith will cause his works to be read to the latest posterity. What he described is seen. I cannot avoid remarking, that I think the "Mountain Daisy" of Burns is worth more than all Byron has written. Byron's great defect is the want of simplicity. When he attempts to be sublime, he walks upon stilts. His ideas appear to me to be the product of a rank or corrupted imagination, producing more weeds than flowers—choking in their luxuriance, rotting in the grossness of their fecundity. Burns possesses the limpid purity of the mountain spring; Byron, the turbid violence of the storm-swelled torrent. One is arrayed in the drapery of nature—the other, in the tinselled trappings of bombastic extravagance.

The praise or blame of critics may affect those to whom the visions of hope display the fairy prospects of felicity, or the gratification of literary ambition.—At my time of life sublunary hope or fear has ceased to elevate or to depress.—My remarks upon poetic composition are made freely, honestly, and boldly, caused by the hope of rescuing future genius from thraldom.—A literary coward is as despicable as a military poltroon, a rara avis among British heroes.

The remarks upon criticism are not intended to attack the present generation of *liberal* critics. If they assume that the gauntlet of defiance is hurled against *them* they are mistaken. I am indifferent to the meanness of abuse, the insult of sarcasm, or the acrimony of malevolence.—But if a public reply should be necessary, I will defend the principles I have advanced from the same motives which caused their publication. I include, in this resolution, neither my poetry nor the critical examination of part of Lord Byron's Cain.

He who introduces innovation, and endeavours to establish a new system, should be prepared to encounter enemies, and to conquer apparent difficulties.

For my system, or hypothesis, all I demand is candour, liberality, and justice.

If poetical works do not possess either the lustre of genius, or the respectability of mediocrity, let criticism condemn them to oblivion.

* Taste and judgment appear to approximate in some of their qualities, and the distinction between them is difficult to define. Taste discerns, and distinguishes, so does judgment. Speaking of a picture, these qualities may be applied to taste; but perfect judgment only can justly decide upon the merits or demerits of the whole picture.

PREFACE

TO

LORD BYRON'S CAIN.

The following scenes are entitled "a Mystery," in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which are styled "Mysteries," or "Moralities." The author has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject, which were common formerly, as may be seen by any reader curious enough to refer to those very profane productions, whether in English, French, Italian, or Spanish. The author has endeavoured to preserve the language adapted to his characters; and where it is (and this is but rarely) taken from actual *Scripture*, he has made as little alteration, even of words, as the rhythm would permit. The reader will recollect that the book of Genesis does not state that Eve was tempted by a demon, but by "the serpent;" and that only because he was "the most subtle of all the beasts of the field." Whatever interpretation the Rabbins and the Fathers may have put upon this, I must take the words as I find them, and reply with Bishop Watson, upon similar occasions, when the Fathers were quoted to him, as Moderator in the Schools of Cambridge, "Behold the Book!" holding up the Scripture. It is to be recollected, that my present subject has nothing to do with the *The New Testament*, to which no reference can be here made without anachronism. With the poems upon similar topics I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's "Death of Abel" I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression on my recollection is delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza. In the following pages I have called them "Adah" and "Zillah," the earliest female names which occur in Genesis; they were those of Lamech's wives; those of Cain and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.

The reader will please to bear in mind (what few choose to recollect) that there is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, nor indeed in the Old Testament. For a reason for this extraordinary omission he may consult "Warburton's Divine Legation;" whether satisfactory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have therefore supposed it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ.

With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects, but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.

If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.

Note.—The reader will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation of man. This speculation, derived from the different strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in them, is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but rather confirms it; as no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although those of many known animals are found near the remains of the unknown. The assertion of Lucifer, that the preadamite world was also peopled by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and proportionably powerful to the mammoth, &c. &c. is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case.

I ought to add, that there is a "Tramelogedie" of Alfieri, called "Abel."—I have never read that nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his Life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.	*Women.*
ADAM.	EVE.
CAIN.	ADAH.
ABEL.	ZILLAH.

SPIRITS.

ANGEL OF THE LORD.

LUCIFER.

It may be objected that the introduction of the passages in this work, which are, and may be, selected from Lord Byron's Cain, will render that Publication more generally known.

The affirmative of this objection is admitted (the author of this attempt to confute Lord Byron, in justice to himself, observing that the quotations from that monstrous production have been, and will be, as limited as possible) for the following reasons:—

1stly. Because the public could not understand the criticisms and reply of the Author, unless the parts criticised or refuted were inserted in this work.

2ndly. Because Byron's Cain, although it may encourage the scepticism of the confirmed Atheist or Deist, it is deficient in all depth of argument; and is as weak as it is impious, as ridiculous as it is detestable.

3rdly. Because the passages quoted are more likely to excite horror or contempt than to produce conviction; and because their increased publicity will tend to confirm, rather than disturb, the faith and opinions of every Christian believer.

4thly. Because the quotations in themselves, accompanied by their refutation, will destroy the impression on the minds of many, that the noble Lord could not be answered or confuted.

5thly. Because the Author of this, perhaps feeble, but nevertheless honest, attempt to expose the absurdity, the impiety, the falsehood, and audacious blasphemy of Byron, exhibited in his work of Cain, hopes that his endeavours may tend to weaken that reliance upon such works, which may, in a great measure, have produced an atrocity of crime, and a defiance of future punishment, of which there have lately been instances, not only disgraceful to humanity, but subversive of our moral character as a nation.

INTRODUCTION.

THE eye of the warrior melts in pity, when he contemplates the image of death in the fallen form of his vanquished foe. Over the grave of impiety, religion breathes the sigh of regret, and justice relaxes her rugged brow. My wished-for adversary, I am told, has passed away from his sublunary existence. I lament it as much as his dearest friends or warmest admirers. It is the fall of a man, who I hoped to convince or to conquer. I will not wantonly disturb the ashes of the dead: but the cause of religion is of more importance than the fate or the memory of an individual. What I shall write, to complete my investigation of Lord Byron's *Cain*, will be JUST. Posthumous fame can demand no more—deserves no less.

The judgment of Him, who searches all hearts, will be disclosed at the final account: but mundane appreciation should visit the public opinions of the earthly but immortal being who sleeps in the grave.—It is the intervening judgment between death and eternity.—In the stormy ocean of life, if his acts have been bad, or his doctrines impious, let his recorded monument be the beacon to enable us to shun the rocks of peril, and the quicksands of destruction.

In imitation of those who have advocated the cause of religion, and displayed the bright examples of virtue, faith, resignation, and benevolence, let us endeavour to follow their course; to rest in the harbour of terrestial but imperfect happiness, and sink to repose in the hope of everlasting felicity.

To convince the public that the commencement of the Second Part of my Work was not written after Lord Byron's decease, I subjoin the following lines, recited to some friends several months ago, which, with the First Part in the press, as well as that which was written previous to that event being known in England, I consider myself entitled to pnblish, although the language was personally directed to his Lordship in the hope of a reply. Of course, that which will be written cannot be personal, but will be of the book, Cain, and of its contents. Upwards of six months ago, I applied to several printers to publish this First Part, which, except the Preface, was then written; and, for three months, was delayed, deceived, and disappointed.

May 17, 1824.

PART THE SECOND.

Again the task resume;—tho' palsied fear,
And indignation all my bosom tear,
Shock'd at the page infernal. Dreadful man,
And vile as dreadful, ere thou began
Such horrid, mocking, blasphemy to write,
Hadst thou been buried in the blank of night,
The piercing ray extinct of mental light,
The work, disgraceful to the human name,
Chaotic offspring of a hell-fraught brain,
Ne'er had been cursed with execrable fame;
Religion glanced on thee her angry frown,
Nor man the daring infidel disown.—

CAIN.

O Muse! that oft implor'd with strong desire,
Breathes melting softness and celestial fire,
That 'erst inspir'd immortal Milton's lays,
'Tho thine the labour, his the genial praise,
Or rapt in elder time, taught Homer's song
To flow majestic, lucid, bold, and strong;
Light in my soul thy lamp of sacred fire,
Direct my thoughts, and all my songs inspire!—
Borne on thy wing, untrembling shall I soar,
And think of art and rigid rules no more,

While swiftly rising in the fields of light,
All nature opens to my wondering sight,
And Earth recedes beneath th' immortal flight.
Then shalt thou sweetly charm my list'ning soul,
While nearer stars, and larger planets roll,
And, half expanding thy ambrosial wing,
Sunlike, of God and all Creation sing.
Soft plaintive echo steals the melting sound,
Closes her shell, and flies to heav'nly ground,
While nature smiles, and soft the spheres re-
sound;
Veil'd in her starry robe, she smiles on thee,
And bids thee sing her songs to all eternity,
See how she blushes to the beaming sun,
And pales his glories from the weeping moon;
See, as the laughing Cherubs round her play,
She melts in eager love, and joins their jocund
lay.

O waft my theme, on genial breezes borne,
While heav'n born gratitude my songs return;
Begin, O Muse, and string thy rapt'rous lyre,
With sounds relevant sooth my glowing fire,
Bind all my sense, and waft my soul away,
Where songs celestial swell in endless day,
Where living fountains of eternal joy
Flow o'er with bliss and spring without alloy;
There bless thy Poet, there inspire his lays,
And ope the sources of eternal praise;
Teach each bright part to form a matchless whole,
While floods of rapture rush upon my soul.
I wake! I wake! immortal powers receive
The glowing transports of the songs you gave;
Sweet silence reign, while soft effusions flow,
And, taught by you, I chord the sounds of woe.

Dark was the night that clos'd the dreadful day,
When living Earth first turn'd to lifeless clay,
When sin and death in foul conjunction leagu'd,
Taught hell to triumph o'er man's 'bellious seed;
And tempted Cain had rais'd his murdering hand,
And spilt his brother's blood, and first defil'd the land.

A mournful silence weeping nature spread,
And scatter'd darkness round the peaceful dead,
While mad'ning horror on the murderer prey'd,
And conscience wrap'd him in her gloomy shade.

Black as the gloom that pressed o'er nature's face,
Black as the thought that taught the foul embrace,
When Satan high in Heaven's empyreal bowers,
Of sin enamour'd, stained the guiltless hours,

And curs'd existence with the birth of death;
Allied to sin, as fast as life to breath.——

Mounted on his pale horse the sooty fiend,
While thoughts luxuriant wanton'd in his mind,
O'er Abel's corse where earth to earth return'd,
Clos'd her cold arms and slept with silence urn'd,
Like darkness thickened into substance strode,
And grasped his dreadful emblem of a God.——

Glore o'er his head fast canopied by fate,
A paly crown of vap'rous poison sate,
Wherein a viper bathed, and when he list,
Filled with the frothy unction of the mist,
Slured deep into his head and gend'red there,
The cronious poison of the tortur'd air;
Fresh hunger'd from amid the slimy womb,
Inhal'd the gathered mist, sad cause of woe to come.

Glosing it shone,—and gleamly tinged his form,
Where darkness frowned more terribly deform,
And fed his iron heart,—by palsy mov'd,
Cycling cold creeping ice instead of blood.
Half shadow, faintly light, the haggard horse,
Whiten'd by fate, still, as the bloody corse
Of murdered Abel, gleamed.—Cloathed with fear,
From his hoar icy mane the trembling dew drop
drear,
Fast, freezing fell, and chill'd the shivering air:
E'en night, in all her majesty array'd,
Shrunk from the fearful form, and hover'd
round the shade.
Nor aught of sound was heard—save a low sigh,
Breathing aslant the region of the sky,
That *whispers*—something to the ear of death;—
Whereat, he deeplier gloom'd, and sad be-
neath,

A groan stole mournful from the tortured
ground :—
Soft—formless silence hush'd the dying sound,
And in her reign, diffus'd an awful melancholy
round.
Air shudder'd,——stars—tho' the thick gloom of
night
Hung, like a curtain, 'tween their twinkling light,
And hid their glories from the appalled earth—
Each in its sphere grew dim : the lab'ring birth
Of fate—hard struggled in pale nature's womb—
And obscure language, 'mid the thickening
gloom,
Told the dread tale to death.—Sad thro' the sky,—
Low, muttering, deep, in awful lethargy,
Sullen the thunder rolled ;——the valley trembling shook
By thunder not alone, for nature then forsook

Her general laws ;—and every atom in her womb,--
By merging fate ordained to become
A living earth, a thinking, conscious mind,—
With innate horror felt the grisly fiend—
An universal trembling.——Darkness sunk more
deep,—
And death's wan image, life faint mocking sleep,
O'er harass'd nature, wound her drowsy veil
Invisible. Thick forms did then prevail,—
Half life—half death—convulsing, 'mid the
obscure
Of solid gloom—the dreadful temperature
Of life, of death, of nature, and of fate :—
Abstruse conjunction ;—fearful, desolate,
In darkness cloathed, mysterious they join'd.
Each in the other mixed, and all in each combin'd
With consummation dire to guilt and woe,
And pregnant ills to future man below.——

The lurid phantom's iron bosom swell'd,
To him false glories all their glare reveal'd;
His meteor eyes like suns thro' darkness shone,
To feast on horrors known to him alone.
Bright'ning their fitful fires askance they roll'd,
And shot where Luna rose in misty gold:
Before her orb the lofty cedars play'd,
Waving the honours of their mighty shade;
Slowly she rose, slow peeped above their height,
And cast amid the gloom a silver light,
That pale, through death's deep valley, gleam'd with darkening flight.

Death frowned—unmov'd he frowned;—sad nature sigh'd,
Deep in her inmost caves. The rushing tide,—

That roar'd its passage 'mong the mossy hills,
Swell'd by the springs of heaven,—and mountain rills,
Stood still.——He spoke.—Chill thro' the soul of night
The voice of death depress'd the sooty flight
Of the dark night bird: scarce the trembling air
Up bore the fearful sound, and all the forest fair,
Slow, as it flitted o'er its blossomed top,
Shrunk into wither, while the conscious moon
Paled at the words, prophetic of her doom.
Poor sickly servant of a vengeful God,*
Slave of his will, pale subject of his nod,

* The speech of death may be considered too daring, but it was introduced for the purpose of promoting its antidote and punishment, which although not contained in this part of the Work, will, when they appear, be sufficient to satisfy the most scrupulous religious reader; and the effects produced by it and a further speech of Death, will tend to the manifestation of the goodness, power, and greatness of God.

Ordain'd in foolish rounds to urge thy course,
To dance around the earth, thou wretched source
Of parted light, and ineffectual gleams,
Poor medium of the Sun's more noble beams,—
Soon shall I urge thee from the upper sky,
Soon shalt thou fall, precipitant shall die;
Thy father Sun, in spite of all his rays,
Shall sink to ruin with a merry blaze.
This piercing dart shall quench his mighty fires,
And chill his glories as his flame expires,
Hurl him prone downward in the realms of space,
Among his shatter'd orbs; their dire embrace,
In tortur'd thunder wreck'd, and faded heat,
With mutual crash, shall close the will of fate.
O'er puny man my pow'r shall first extend,
Exhaust his race and then like fire ascend;
Enwarp'd in flames I'll clasp this orb of God,
And fate shall feel the rigor of my nod;

Earth, sun, and thee, shall sink beneath my
sway,
And Chaos 'solve ye in his dusky ray;
While I triumphant drink increasing joy,
And gain more strength the more I can destroy,
Till man, fate, nature, sun, and earth, and thee,
Shall die the victims of eternity.

For this I urg'd my daring flight from hell,
For this shall millions fall, as Abel fell,
For this my daring mother brought me forth,
And well I'll prove the meaning of my birth—
O'er puny man exert thy hidden charms,
Obscure his reason with thy vain alarms;
Heart tearing madness shall on thee depend,
Owl moping melancholy, feeble fiend,
Fulfil my empire, people my domain,
With gloomy subjects, sons of grief and pain;

Meanwhile perform thy rounds, maintain thy
state,
Till I inflict on thee the will of fate.

He said, and deeplier gloom'd.——The mournful
night,
Far in her ebon caves, shrunk back with wild
affright;
Sad silence trembled as he clasp'd her round,
And almost shook her terror into sound,
While proud, triumphant in successful hate,
On his pale horse the mighty conqueror sate,
'Till Luna mounted in the sky
Had fled her station had she power to fly,
'Skance o'er his head she shot a sickly light,
And hid her glories in the clouds of night.—
Fierce gloom'd the bane; revolving in his mind,
Proud as Hell's Monarch on his throne reclin'd,

His new born vaunt; when guileful sin,
Fair to behold, but foul, most foul within,
Who first in Heav'n from non-existence came,
Where Satan's head brought forth the fraudful dame;
And when expung'd the rebel angels fell,
And thunders hurled them to the depth of hell,
When Heavn's great King in mighty triumph rode,
And saints and angels praised the Son of God,
She sunk in flight,* accomp't the conquer'd host,
And watched the guardian of the burning coast,
Chained there, brought forth the life compelling shade,
There to remain had man his God obey'd.
When Satan laboured to the circled earth,
Fraudful and fell to give his conquest birth;—

* Prone in flight.—Milton.

Her fair inhabitants to fix in guile,
And rob our parents of their Maker's smile,
From him their duty to alienate,
And force from justice the decrees of fate;
Restless in hell she 'gan her daring flight,
And following urged her course thro' realms of night;
As some fierce meteor in the moon 'clips'd air,
Shoots thro' the darken'd void with hideous glare,
O'er vales and cities marks its terrid way,
And sheds around the world a brazen day;
By men portentous held, the coming sign,
Of plagues, of famine, and of wrath divine.—

So fled the fiend, so pierc'd the vast vacate,
Urged on by envy and expectant hate,
Arrived on earth conceal'd within a cloud,
Her shape to alter, and her form to shroud,

Self blown* she hover'd o'er the fatal tree,
Cause of false knowledge and man's destiny;
Where bright in beauteous scales that beam'd in gold,
Prone at Eve's feet the wily serpent rolled.
In truth's fair semblance as he glid along,
And soft persuasion trembled from his tongue,
Elate he saw her half revealing form,
Faint glimmer in the cloud with pride deform;
Then joyed his soul, then swelled his ample crest—
To fraudless Eve his fraudful speech addrest;
Emboldn'd, soft, he told the glozing tale,
How reason first o'er dullness did prevail,
How wisdom, speech, and knowledge unconfin'd,
Burst on his thought and 'lightened all his mind,

* I think this is in Milton.

How causes intricate their cause reveal'd,
And all was known that 'erst was all conceal'd.
Then graceful curling press'd the beauteous tree,
(Sad proem of our state and misery,)
And twin'd among the boughs with mazy fold,
Cropt the rich fruit that shone in lucent gold,
Waving his scaling tail with joy he eat,
And dropt a shining apple at her feet;
Amid the grass it fell (with glowing rind)
That wav'd redundant with the wanton wind,
There lay half seen the more to be desir'd,
The foul desire of sin by hell inspir'd;
Glitt'ring it lay, bright sparkling to the sun,
And beaming blush'd at being shone upon,
And o'er it wav'd the grass:——deluded Eve,
Reckless of God too easy to deceive,
Her bosom beating quick with wild desire,
And all her spirit catching 'fectious fire,

Half leaning viewed the fruit with longing gaze,
Lost in sweet wonder and in wild amaze—
Still gaz'd, and sigh'd, and sigh'd, and gaz'd
again,
Her bosom panting with a mother's pain.—

Ye mothers hear what now the muse reveals,
Feel all its force and pity while you feel,
Know the foul means that sin and hell pursued,
Nor wonder that our mother was subdued;
E'en then her first-born struggling in her womb,
Caus'd sin to hurl mild duty from her throne
That strong desire not always overcome;
Have ye not felt, the modest wish deny'd,
Sharp pangs of anguish rend your throbbing side;
And when the lovely cherub saw the light,
The picture painted of deprived delight?——

Eve felt it all: it all her frame transfus'd,
Her spirit conquer'd, and her God abus'd.—
Else ne'er had Satan triumphed in his art,
Nor erring mortals felt the avenged smart,
The basking lion with the tiger play'd,
And wolves and lambs slept nestling in the shade.
Then nature had been peace, all wants supplied,
Nor where the children dwelt the parents died;
From world to world our forms had been convey'd,
Thro' times gradate, till Heav'n at last receiv'd.
There had we dwelt, unpass'd the gates of death,
Emanient forms, while angels suck'd our breath,
Infus'd the spirit of eternal peace,
Delights that by enjoyment doth increase,
Where each imparts a gladness to the whole,
And forms a blissful universal soul:

The Heaven of Heavens, * creation's central end,
Where suns and moons and worlds eccentring
tend.
Before the footsteps of the viewless rays,
The mystic rainbows round encircling blaze,
Cycling the soul of space, the King of Kings,
The gloried essence of created things,
In light that to all other light conceay'd†
Suns seem hoar shades, expanded Heav'n a shade;
Our melting songs flow'd o'er with endless praise,
And mixt in central glores refulgent rays,

* Betwixt 30 and 40 years ago, when these lines were written, the Author recollects having, on detach'd pieces of paper, written an Ode to Space, with different ideas upon Creation, &c. which are lost. He imagined that the systems of creation, revolving round their respective suns, have not only their orbicular and elliptical motions, but that there is another motion in the whole tending towards the grand centre of creation, which he supposed was heaven. He recollects having an idea of another motion of the whole of the systems of created or animated matter round this immense centre heaven, combined with their evolutions round their centres, and the tendency towards *the great centre.* These ideas produced the composition of the lines—

——— " The heaven of heavens, creation's central end,
Where suns, and moons, and worlds, ECCENTRING tend."

† Conceay'd is a poetical liberty for conceived.

The throne of thrones, the power of powers, the abode
Of caused eternity, the heaven of God;
Where but thy Jesus all thy heav'n retires,
And love in rapture cloath'd immortal bliss inspires;
Father of light our souls had dwelt near thee,
Unpierc'd by death through all eternity.
But sad reverse that hopes for ever fled,
And human innocence an empty shade,
Combin'd with sin our virtue must be try'd,
And death's dark gloomy vale the path where all must glide:
For Eve was urg'd by sin and nature too,
And who their mutual transports can subdue?

E'en she who sinned, who unresisting fell,
And triumph yielded to the fiends of hell;

She, who brought misery to the sons of men,
She, who the human heart *may* pity, *must* condemn.

Where blooming flowers, and blushing shrubs were seen,
And nectar'd fruit, and ever verdant green;
Where fraught with fragrance gentle breezes blew,
And o'er the shades and bowers the painted warblers flew,
And beamy skies above of heaven's celestial hue;
There gentle streams thro' spicy groves did glide,
And mazy rivers spread their flowing tide.
There the rich grape in purple clusters hung,
There the thick groves with thrilling transport rung.

There wast thou plac'd, thou source of all mankind,
Not erring ignorant, not sinning blind,
For knowledge hadst thou to discern the good—
Obey divine command well understood.
Thy paradise, with bounteous plenty crown'd,
Spontaneous yielded from the fruitful ground.
For thee, the roses bud, the lilies grow,
The fountain murmurs, and the streamlets flow;
For thee, the jasmine pale, and woodbine twin'd,
Their mutual tendrils in soft fold combin'd;
The lambs and kids, for thee, disporting play'd,
In antic gambols wanton'd in the shade.

There blossom'd forests luscious sweets exhale,
There grateful odours floated in the gale:
No chilling blasts, no lowering wintry gloom—
Perpetual verdure, and perpetual bloom.

And when in chaste enjoyment pass'd the night,
Thou rose at morn, awak'd to new delight;
When round the cedars gentle breezes played,
That o'er the mountains shed an awful shade;
When 'bove their tops, array'd in dazzling dye,
The sun arose, and glowed the orient sky;
The happy birds pour'd forth the vocal sound,
Clapt their glad wings, and made the groves
resound,
Nor heeded where the pensive warbler flew—
The only bird that from the light withdrew.

With thy great partner, when on bended knee
Ye pour'd the praise of the great Deity,
While morning breathed ambrosial sweets around,
And bathing dews embalm'd the flowery ground,
Mellifluous rose the grateful pious song,
Borne by mild angels to the angel throng.

There, in soft harmony, and in union sweet,
With holy pleasure and with gentle greet,
Ye gave the kiss of love,—all nature smil'd
In gratulation soft; while ye beguil'd
The rosy hours and bright enchanting joy,
Sprung out of bliss, and glow'd without alloy.

Along the varied mead ye gently stray'd,
To taste the luscious meal in bowery shade;
O, earthly paradise! O, happy state!
O, erring mother, why provoke thy fate!
Blest to the full extent of human bliss,
Almost enjoying angel happiness!

To thee full power the great Creator gave,
To spurn temptation, and from the grave,
By one firm struggle nobly urg'd, to save

Thy spouse august, and all thy future race,
From sin's foul influence and death's embrace;
This thou essay'st not, but to specious guile,
The tempter's falsehood, and the tempter's wile,
Desiring yielded.*——

Perhaps, in future time remote, may rise
Some daring mind with mighty energies,
Some human demon,—impious, bold, and vain,
Stubborn, insatiate, eager to inflame
Man 'gainst his God, to execrate his name,—

* As it was necessary to introduce the Antidote to the poison of Lord Byron's Cain in some part of the original Poem, its action is therefore necessarily suspended, and its effect, when resumed, will, of course, be weakened. The Author does not regret this interruption, if his arguments should convert one infidel, or fix the wavering belief of one Christian.

"For Eve was urged by sin and nature too,
"And who their mutual transports can subdue?"

Upon reading these lines, lately, he perceived, at once, the error he had committed, arising from youthful inexperience and want of judgment, as the lines appear to render it impossible that Eve could have resisted the temptation by which she was assailed. This discovery caused the previous description of Paradise to be written, both as a correction of the original error, and as a sort of introduction to the argument against Lord Byron's Cain.

With native genius, and consummate pride,
And talents great, but foully misapplied,
An inward hell will burn within his breast,
Unblest with faith, or hope on faith to rest.

To light in other hearts th' unholy fire,
To kindle doubt, and thoughts profane inspire,
Heedless of others' peace, he'll reckless try,
To spread the taint of infidelity.

And now, emerg'd from the mysterious shade,
With daring front, see Byron stands display'd—
The horrid work, detestable, abhorr'd!
The fiend-sprung fancy of this maudlin lord,
In bold defiance to the world he flings,
Tired of his satire on the best of kings.
His meretricious muse, with artful snare,
Fierce sparkling in false splendour's dazzling glare,

Not like the clear full glow of holy fire,
That did Isaiah's sacred song inspire;
Not like the heav'nly flame, serene and bright,
That beamy shone intense with steady light,
When other prophets wrote the hallow'd line
In seraph ecstasy, the theme divine,
But flashing, fitful, brief, now dim, now bright,
Now bursting into flame, now lost in smother'd light,
Reft of the grandeur of simplicity;
Pride-stung, insulting the great Deity.

Thy daring preface, foul and falsely writ,*
Shews more thy infidelity than wit;
And first thy characters thou dost preserve,
But this will not the poor evasion serve;

* The reader is referred to the Preface to Byron's Cain, printed in a previous part of this work.

For shewn, detected, vile, in every line,

The words *seem* theirs, the blasphemy is *thine*.

And in the Bible thou dost then relate,

There's no allusion to a future state.

Read Daniel, daring unbeliever, read;

Leave infidelity, embrace the creed;

There is thy impious falsehood, base and bold,

Detected, shewn, and future life foretold;

In other breasts the sacred fire did burn,

And other prophets the great truth confirm.*

*The noble Author appears to have remembered, throughout the whole of his work of Cain, two lines of his composition published some years ago:

"Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,
"Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit."

I am sorry to remark that his memory was not so retentive of another line of his, when he composed his Cain:

"I've learned to think and sternly speak the truth."

But his literary resolution seems to be undeniable, for he has also written the following lines—

"And though not hence I hope unscathed to go,
"Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe."

I could make a pretty triplet of this by adding the first line of the following couplet, but a line of mine shall never be attached to any of his!

To which I say, proud Noble, *be it so*,
For truth I'll combat, and deal blow for blow.

However, to part with him at present, in tolerable good humour, I will give him a specimen of *my style* of praise applied to himself. The lines will

The holy Testament thou did'st evade,

It suited not the previous purpose made—

To cheat the hope that soothes the parting sigh,

And mock the promise of eternity.

When the Old Testament serious we review,

The old must be connected with the new:

Prophets and prophecies the first combine,

With the last glorious blessed book divine.

In that dim realm and visionary shade,*

By thy corrupt imagination made,

appear in the next part of this work, and will follow others which will make him confess there is no *flattery* in *them*.

Had noble virtue been thy only guide,
And not thy shining talent misapplied;
Join'd with religion's bland and gentle sway,
Thou might'st have blazed the wonder of thy day;
In after times, the wreath and laurel crown'd
Thy honour'd urn, with fragrant myrtle bound.

* EXTRACT FROM CAIN.

SCENE II.—*Hades.*

Enter LUCIFER *and* CAIN.

Cain. How silent and how vast are these dim worlds!
For they seem more than one, and yet more peopled
Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung
So thickly in the upper air, that I
Had deem'd them rather the bright populace
Of some all unimaginable Heaven
Than things to be inhabited themselves,
But that on drawing near them I beheld
Their swelling into palpable immensity
Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell on,

With giant "*shadows*" and "*enormous shapes,*"
And shadows "*swimming*" fit to frighten apes,
Some "indistinct" and some more fully shewn,
Some left suppos'd to wander quite alone;

Rather than life itself. But here, all is
So shadowy and so full of twilight, that
It speaks of a day past.

Lucifer. It is the realm
Of death.—Wouldst have it present?
Cain. Oh ye interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,
Some fully shewn, some indistinct, and all
Mighty and melancholy.

Cain. What are these mighty phantoms which I see
Floating around me?—they wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it
In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my children's:
And yet they have an aspect, which, though not
Of men or angels, looks like something, which,
If not the last, rose higher than the first,
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Shape: for I never saw such. They bear not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor ought that is
Now breathing! mighty yet and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
Can call them living.

Cain. And those enormous creatures,
Phantoms inferior in intelligence
(At least so seeming) to the things we have pass'd,
Resembling somewhat the wild habitants
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which
Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold
In magnitude and terror; taller than
The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which fence them,
And tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd of
Their barks and branches—what were they?

Lucifer. That which
The Mammoth is in thy world; but these lie
By myriads underneath its surface.

Though shadows "*mighty!*" What could they
subdue?
Yet "*beautiful*" as well as mighty too!
Here folly glooms depress'd and wildly sad,
Here nonsense foaming in blank verse runs mad.
Some shapes with eyes were like the sparkling
light
Of "*fiery swords*" that guarded Eden's height;
And then with *tusks projecting like the* "*trees*"
"*Stripped of their bark and branches*!" what
prodigies!
"Taller than Eden's walls!" rare monsters these!
That they were high no mortal can dispute;
With "tusks" like naked trees, with deep struck
root
"Projecting," bold; what mammoths they
must be,
Taller than loftiest elm or hill topt tree,

Phantoms immense—a precious progeny!*

Then the preadamites were good and great,

And "glorious things," O pity their hard fate;

And then, so much superior were they

To Adam, when in Paradise he lay,

"As the sixtieth thousandth generation shall be

To Cain and his son."†

* Extravagance, monstrosity, and distortion, appear to be the principal foundations upon which Byron founds his ideas of sublimity. He had read Cuvier, or *of* him, and it had puzzled his brain. However, unless there was something very stupendous to be exhibited, it would not answer; and, therefore, the Byronian Mammoths were "tenfold in magnitnde and terror," to the Mammoths of thy (Cain's) world. Wonderful indeed!

Astonishment is the effect of ignorance, and what can be so sublime as that which most astonishes!

In the osteological account of the Mammoth, discovered projecting from an ice bank, near a river, in the North of Siberia, the length of the tusks was ten feet, and their length from their mouth to the root of their tail 21 feet.—If Byron's Mammoths had tusks like naked branches, and were as high as Eden's walls, they must have been monsters indeed!—prodigious! Here the mountain does not produce the mouse, but the mouse produces the mountain!!!

† "*Cain.* But what *were* they?
Lucifer. Living, high,
Intelligent, good, great, and glorious things,
As much superior unto all thy sire,
Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as
The sixty-thousandth * generation shall be,
In its dull damp degeneracy, to
Thee and thy son;—and how weak they are, judge
By thy own flesh."

* The generation of man is computed at 30 years: 60,000 generations multiplied by 30, make 1,800,000 years to come. Wonderful!!!

What length of vision must this lordling have,
To see so many years beyond the grave;
Somewhat remote, obscure, in time's dark womb,
And near two million tedious years to come!!
But this poor generation is to be
Both "dull" and "damp" in its degeneracy;
If dull, why damp, O, noble author, say?
Again thy talents to the world display.
The muse, indignant, would repress this strain,
And treat such trash with merited disdain,
But that she sees the daring foul design
Detected, shewn in every sneering line.
And our poor world "too little" is, and "lowly!"
To sustain such creatures mighty in their glory.
And then this noble modest author tells,
These beings perish'd, and by him "who fells"
These beings who were *good*, and *high*, and *great*,
Of course most undeserving met their fate;

A fate, "*inexorable;*" crush'd their world,
And "*struck*" to chaos with destruction hurl'd.*
This lordling then proceeds to sing or say,
Adapt thyself, O space, to give him play,
That man's poor "Attributes" were "such as suits"
A sort of creeping beings, worse than brutes;
"Reptiles," "engender'd" from the "oozy slime,"
"Subsiding" of a "mighty universe;" sublime!
And then this mighty universe was crush'd
"Into a scarce shap'd planet;" and then——the bubble burst.

* "*Cain.* Ah me! and did *they* perish!
Lucifer. Yes, *from their earth,* as thou wilt fade from thine.
Cain. But *was mine theirs?*
Lucifer. *It was.*
Cain. But not *as now.*
It is *too little* and *too lowly* to
Sustain such creatures.
Lucifer. True, it was more glorious.
Cain. And wherefore did it fall?
Lucifer. Ask him who fells.
Cain. But how?
Lucifer. By a most *crushing* and *inexorable*
Destruction and *disorder* of the elements,
Which *struck a world to chaos,* as a chaos
Subsiding has struck out a world.

And then thy great, capacious, ample mind,
Scorning to be in narrow range confin'd,
This planet peopled, not with men but *things*—
So the Byronian bard divinely sings;
And "*things*" to whom the bard is very kind,
Whose great enjoyment was in being blind.*
"A paradise of ignorance!" happy thought!
By brain-sick fancy and delusion taught.
And then, according to this precious strain,
These *things* had reason truly to complain,
For knowledge, from their "paradise was barr'd
"As poison," sure a most convenient guard!
How far this paradise extensive spread,
So "planet mann'd," this Noble hath not said.

* ——— "the rest
Of your poor attributes is such as suits
Reptiles engender'd out of the subsiding
Slime of a mighty universe, crush'd into
A scarcely yet shaped planet, peopled with
Things whose enjoyments were to be in blindness—
A Paradise of ignorance, from which
Knowledge was barr'd as poison."

Such is thy bold invent ; and all must see,
That in this monstrous gross absurdity,
Thou charg'st thy God with wanton cruelty ;
And fiction's the disguise of mockery.
The holy Bible's truth thou dost deny,*
And fancy deck'd, another world supply,
Of pre-existence ; foul impiety ! !
Is the dark guise of impious fiction fit
To contradict the truth of Holy Writ ?
Is this, the deep and vicious, stale pretence,
To screen the falsehood, expiate the offence,
When thou, opposest Cuvier's stuff and
thine,
To the exalted holy book divine ?
Whence sprung the daring mean hypocrisy,
That says, this nonsense is "not contrary"

* The reader is referred to Byron's preface, which precedes the author's reasons for introducing in this work the selections from his Cain.

To "the account Mosaic," but "rather did confirm,"—

Of course its sacred truth: sly artful turn!
Adroitly made, but foully misapply'd,
The attempt to palliate, and the guilt to hide.

If pre-existing world or worlds were made,
And thou canst not the argument evade;
And if those previous worlds had been destroy'd,
The Holy Bible is both false and void:
Its great foundation sapp'd and undermin'd,
And man is left to wander, lost, and blind.
And yet this gross absurdity to spread,
By madness gender'd, and by folly bred;
With shameless impudence thou dost affirm,
The Bible's truth it "rather" did "confirm."
Prove, with thy genius bold, and daring wit,
It doth not contradict the truth of Holy Writ,

Unless thou two beginnings can supply;
Congenerous parts of vast eternity.*

Let poesy be hush'd, while I rehearse
The sacred words more pure than sounding verse.
"In the beginning God created the Heaven and
the Earth."
Can truth be told with more simplicity,
Convincing more of its reality?
Simplicity the source of true sublime:
Then the young smiling, rosy infant, time,
Fresh, soft awak'd, then wean'd was he
From the full bosom of eternity.
The work original, no antecedent world,
With giants peopled, to destruction hurl'd,
But man was formed, and plac'd in earthly bliss,
And *free*, to keep the joys of Paradise.

* Congenerous: of the same kind issuing from the same original—God.

Who can mistake thy point, the horrid curse,*
And tortur'd demon never groan'd a worse,
Didst thou not tremble, thy nerves of iron shake,
And thy cold heart within thy bosom quake,
When thou these impious shocking lines didst pen?
Original, unequall'd 'mong the sons of men,
That all must execrate and all condemn:
" Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be
" He who invented life that leads to death!"
Him didst thou curse, Oh man! and who is he,
Thou dreadful coiner of base ribaldry,
But the great mighty heavenly Deity?
Did Adam life invent, or life receive,
From him alone who had that life to give?

* " *Lucifer.* It is the realm
Of death.—Wouldst have it present?
Cain. 'Till I know
That which it really is, I cannot answer.
But if it be as I have heard my father
Deal out in his long homilies, 'tis a thing—
Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be
He who invented life that leads to death!"

The remainder of this dreadful and detestable speech consists of another curse, in which Cain curses his Father.

Tho' horror would conceal the damning strain,
Yet justice calls it forth; a lasting stain,
While man abhorrent shudders at thy name,
Thou, who in blasphemy's black realms had trod,
Thou, who in two vile lines couldst name and curse thy God!!—

Him, who was spurn'd from the paternal home,
The world before him in that world to roam;
Him, the proud atheist, corrupt and vile,
The good to startle and the weak beguile,
With bold impiety and audacious pride,
To propagate his daring doctrine tried;
Him, thou received, cherish'd, and carest,
And made the dearest inmate of thy breast;
He, ere engulph'd in the tumultuous wave,
Call'd on the God he had deny'd, to save.

Canst thou when cloudless night displays her
scene,
And all is calm, and tranquil, and serene,
Canst thou the glittering stars unmov'd survey,
Bespangled infinite—the milky way—
The moon soft beaming with her placid light,
Nor feel thy bosom throb with awed delight,
Nor think of him the author of the whole,
Or doubt the truth of an immortal soul?

REMARKS.

THE reader will perceive, that the previous poetry, relative to Lord Byron's Cain, is only prefatory to the general justification "of the ways of God to man," and to the establishment of the great truths of the Christian religion. Byron's "speculation" upon the "notion of Cuvier," that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation described in the Old Testament;—his asssertion, that this "speculation" is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but rather confirms it, as no human bones, as he says, have been discovered in the different strata with the bones of enormous and unknown animals, although many known animals have been found near the unknown, (all which is nothing to the purpose,) and the wild and extravagant flight of his two principal characters, Lucifer and Cain, to the realms of death, and discoveries, and conversation there, being in fact, intended as a sort of illustration of this doctrine, the favourite topic of Atheists and Deists,—induced the Author to begin with this part of Byron's Cain. It has been probably a great misfortune to him that he felt himself compelled to commence his remarks with this part of the Work, as its folly, grossness, distortion, and absurdity, do not afford room for the display so much of the reasoning powers, as of that ridicule which such nonsense only deserved. The notes upon the preceding poetry, in opposition to Byron's Cain, would have appeared in this First Part, had not those which follow increased upon the Author's expectation. These omitted notes will appear in the next part of this Work, and contain criticisms upon several notable discoveries of Byron: that the more matter there is, there is the less matter—that the non-elements of confusion and destruction were the cause of creation and harmony, &c. And the reader will find more wonders upon wonders, blunders upon blunders, extracted from Byron's Cain. It also will contain a refutation of Cuvier and Byron's doctrine, &c. Seriousness will be applied to those parts which demand it; exposition and critical anatomy to others most pregnant with folly, and inflated with absurdity.

LINES ON THE MISSIONARIES.

[It is by the desire of several of the Author's friends, that the following lines, upon the Missionaries, are inserted in this First Part of the Work.]

Is not religion spreading wide her sway,
To swarthy tribes who idol gods obey?
I see a band of future soldiers rise,
To Christ's great cause devote; their arms comprise
Faith, Hope, and Love, that point towards the skies.
While fervent ardour, unabating zeal,
Such as the Christian guide alone can feel,
Make strong their hearts, inspir'd by God alone,
Undaunted travel, and undaunted roam,
E'en to the utmost earth, beyond the arctic zone

And now wide ranged, dispers'd in various climes,
The spreading light of truth, divinely shines;
The noble men, who willing go to meet
The Winter's freezing cold, and Summer's sultry heat,
The pestilential blast, the earthquake's yawn,
The fierce tornado, and the raging storm.

Hail, ardent missionaries, good and great!
Ye conquer danger, or ye smile on fate!
From fœtid marshes exhalations rise,
And dread contagion teems with miseries;
Diseases fell, and sudden terror spreads,
And desolation all its fury sheds.
Yet holy, calm, intrepid, and resign'd,
To their great duty, all their thoughts confin'd,
The soul of gloomy darkness they illume,
Inspire the mind with hope of joy to come,

While erring ignorance they mild remove,
And labour toiling in the cause of love;
Extend the Christian's faith, the Christian's creed,
And the great book to wondering nations read;
Inspire devotion, propagate the cause
Of Christ elect, and gain well earned applause.

As when the sun's first beams emerg'd from night,
And to new realms diffus'd its orient light,
As earth first turn'd on her diurnal sphere,
And first the rosy sparkling fires appear,
So will the truth on other nations shine,
Where never glow'd the holy light divine;
So shall expand its blessed, cheering, rays,
And spread, in lands unknown, its great Creator's praise.

March on, ye sainted army, march along !
With fervid zeal proclaim the sacred song;
See, the fierce infidel on bended knee,
See, tribes and nations praise the Deity,
The God of all adore, and heav'nly Son,
By mild persuasion and conviction won.
See the huge idols, prostrate, scatter'd, lay;
The Persian soar beyond the solar ray,
The proud Mahometan his faith resign,
While joy and hope in lambent glory shine,
Dash the false Koran fill'd with high disdain,
With force impetuous, to the sparkling flame,
Till all the million'd earth, from pole to pole,
One impulse moves, and one believing soul;
And the great Maker's omnipresent eye,
With instant piercing glance shall pleas'd descry,
While Christ's bright banner glorious is unfurl'd,
A praising, glowing, rapt'rous, Christian World.

NOTES

APPLICABLE TO THAT PART

OF THE

ORIGINAL POEM

Which precedes the introductory argument opposed to

LORD BYRON'S CAIN.

And half expanding thy ambrosial wing,
Sun like, of God, and all creation sing.

Fragrant is one of the meanings of "ambrosial," in which sense it is here applied.

"And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

"Thus when God spoke, ambrosial fragrance fill'd," &c.

"Sun like of God, and all creation sing." MILTON.

The idea of sun like was used as a figurative expression, created in the youthful imagination of the Author, from his having read "And the morning stars sang together for joy—

And fate shall feel the rigor of my nod."

Two lines followed, and were succeeded by the couplet below, both of which involved a contradiction to the other lines which constitute the address of Death to the Moon.

The couplet is—

"Pale as thy face he'll turn at my approach,
Cold as thy beams he'll curdle at my touch."

The omission of the four lines in the Poem, is a proof that superfluity or contradiction in description, arising from the fecundity or the misconception of youthful fancy, may be best corrected by the sober experience of age.

The Author makes this remark not as a discovery, but as a caution to some Poets, who might have avoided the ridicule or the contempt of the public, if they had suppressed their Works until they had been revised by the maturity of confirmed judgment.

If Lord Byron had possessed this discretion, and supposing him to live to that period, when the glow of the imagination is chilled by the frost of age, and the errors of infidelity are frequently detected and abhorred, when man approaches

" That bourn from whence no traveller returns,"

His Cain, Don Juan, &c. might have been buried in oblivion, and his genius hailed with delight, and rewarded by the admiration of posterity.

NOTES, CRITICAL, &c.

UPON THE

Preface, and part of Lord Byron's Cain.

" When man, proud man, most ignorant
Of what he's most assur'd—with ambition mad,
Braves e'en the Omnipotent."

The preface of Lord Byron has been partly commented upon in the preceding poetry.

In its commencement, the same violation of truth prevails, which is exhibited throughout the whole of the Book.

Its Author says, that he has called it a mystery in conformity with the ancient title, annexed to Dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled mysteries or moralities, and that he has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject which were common formerly, as might be seen by any persons curious enough to refer to those very profane (O shame, where was thy blush!) productions, whether in English, French, Italian, or Spanish.

The difference between the mysteries or moralities alluded to, and the mystery of Cain is, that without any intention to profane the Scripture, the former exhibited scriptural characters, &c. rendered grotesque, and even ridiculous in their dramatic appearance.

But it was a mode of indulgence, like the lord of misrule and other pastimes, produced only from the paucity of amusement, and the ignorance of the age in which it was practised, unmixed with the darings of impiety, or the execrations of blasphemy.

Of that part of the preface which states, that he (Lord Byron) could not make Lucifer talk like a clergyman, but that he had done what he could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness, it may be observed, that the sneer against the clergy is in itself puerile and ridiculous. The whole of this passage is as malicious as it is infamous, as licentious as it is contemptible.

The Author of this Work takes the liberty of observing, that the whole of the poetical argument against Byron's Cain, also the Remarks upon its Author, the Notes, &c., do not apply to any other work of Byron, but to his Cain only;—he interferes not with Lord Byron, either in his private or his public character; indeed, his Cain is a pretty good dose, sufficiently nauseous and disgusting. Near the end of the First Act of this mighty work of Cain, the scene of which is laid near Paradise, three dramatis personæ remain, namely, Lucifer, Cain, and Adah, Cain's wife. A long conversation had taken place between them very

deliberately and gravely conducted; and Lucifer having desired Cain to follow him where he, Lucifer, should lead him, and Cain having valiantly said, in the presence of his wife—

"Let him lead on."

Adah says—"Whither."

Lucifer.—"From a place
Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour;
But in that hour shall see things of many days."

Poor Adah, probably, not liking his appearance, or not being exactly satisfied, considering the shortness of their acquaintance, with a sort of tender blandishment, says—

"Will he,
In sooth, return within an hour?

and being answered emphatically, and with great attention and civility by Lucifer—

"He shall."

Lucifer, having also previously promised Cain to *satiate* his thirst for knowledge, finishes a speech with the expression—

"Follow me."

Cain.—"Spirit, I have said it."

[Exeunt Lucifer and Cain.

Adah.—(following, exclaiming) "Cain! my brother! Cain!"

Poor thing, she might well bewail, seeing him part with so little ceremony, and with such a companion.

Such is the notable finish of the First Act of this drama or mystery, and without prelude sweet, or further explanation, on the other side of the leaf which finishes the said Act, the second commences; the Author intending to shew, no doubt, the beauty of transition, and the grand sublimity of abruptness. He pounces upon us with—

ACT. II.—SCENE I.

The Abyss of Space.

Cain.—"I tread on air and sink not, yet, I fear
To sink."

Lucifer.—"Have faith in me, and thou shall be
Borne on the air, of which I am the prince."

Cain.—"Can I do so without impiety?"

Lucifer then makes a long speech, in the course of which, he tells Cain, that if he will believe in him, he shall fly with him "over the gulf of space;" a very fair flight for Cain, considering he was only a beginner in the art; but, no doubt, superior in point of ease to air-treading. Byron, or Byron's Lucifer seems to have had a very short memory for he first says if Cain would have faith in him, he is to be borne *on* the air, and in the next place he is to fly. But whether he is to be borne or to fly, it is necessary to pause a little, for after this speech of Lucifer, Cain says—

"Oh! God or demon, or whate'er thou art,
Is yon our earth?"

In what part of the abyss of space these characters are introduced, at the commencement of the Second Act, it is difficult to imagine; but Cain sees *his* earth "as a small blue circle swinging in far ether," and he evidently had received no aid since he started from the earth, and had been treading air, until the earth appeared diminished to a small

blue circle, which must have been a tread of considerable extent. It appears strange, that in the introduction of Cain in this Act, he should remark, "I tread on air," as if he then first made the discovery. I don't recollect any instances of air treading, therefore, Byron is entitled to all the merit of originality.

The journey is described as having been actual; and Cain is introduced in this Act as being composed both of substance and weight. Byron has created his own absurdity.

In that point of view he stands alone.

The air next the earth, and that is heavy indeed, compared to the regions of ether, or the abyss of space, is very nearly 836 times lighter than water: so that, although it was never known that a man trod air, it certainly may be accounted for, why a good swimmer can tread water.

But this is a trifle, for the air's *rarity* in the abyss of space did not appear to have made Cain out of wind, after this long exertion of air treading, or to have produced any difficulty of breathing at all. He and Lucifer enter the theatre of action quite composed, and indulge in a long conversation, while they are on their passage to the realms of death to see the ghosts, or shadows of the pre-existing giants. Now, reader, (I do not mean the learned or philosophic reader,) mark, when the French and Portuguese philosophers went to the neighbourhood of Quito, in South America, to measure an arch of the meridian, they settled themselves, as well as they could, in a tent or erection on the top of one of the mountains, called the Andes, amidst snow, storms, &c. The highest of the Andes is nearly four miles above the level of the sea; although this is not so high as the Himalayan Mountains, North of Bengal, which are 27,000 feet high, and the highest in the world, yet the Andes are high enough to endanger human life, from the rarity or thinness of the atmosphere, even at that height. In Henry Lichenstein's travels in Southern Africa, performed from 1803 to 1806, describing the passage over one of the vast mountains or high tracts of country, he says—

"This spot was not only the highest of the surrounding country, but was, according to Colonel Gordon's calculation, the highest in the course of our journey. He considered it 2000 feet higher than the top of the table mountain that is 5000,300 feet above the surface of the sea." The air was so thin and dry, that the travellers found themselves singularly heated and irritated by it, their lips and skin broke out into blisters, and, in the night, the tents were quite frozen.

"The weight of the air in which we live, is about fourteen pounds upon every square inch; and this pressure, or weight, is so ordered by the Almighty, that it not only enables us to exist, acting in conjunction with the internal air of our bodies, but confines the vessels, &c. by a due compression.

Air has been compared to flakes of wool, the lowest being most closely pressed, or weighed down in proportion to the height, or density of those above, so that the lowest are, of course, contained in the least compass.

The higher we ascend, the air becomes so much lighter, thinner, and colder. The Philosophers, when upon the Andes, for want of this pressure, could hardly exist, their bodies being ready to burst, breath quick, &c. like an animal exposed to the exhaustion of the air pump.

I think I read, when a boy, that Mr. Boyle computed the atmospheric air of the Earth as being 500 miles high—but whether this computation is accurate is of little consequence.

In the Abyss of Space, where Cain is introduced in the second Act, the same quantity of air, such as we breathe, that might be contained in the hollow of an orange, would, from its almost impalpability and extension, fill a sphere, and be incapable of floating a feather.

But what are philosophic truths, probability, &c., to Byron; how could he reason upon, or understand, that of which he knew nothing. His Cain could breathe and talk, where there was no air to breathe, or rather breatheable, tread where there was nothing palpable to be trodden, and fly where there was no density of matter capable of compression.

The Noble Lord himself and his friends may exclaim, that this air, treading, &c. is criticised as if the journey had been actual, and that this mode of criticism is not applicable to works of imagination; they may ask, why judge what is termed poetical fiction by the truths of philosophy, or the precision of astronomical accuracy?

The answer to this is easy. The journey is so described; and it is quite evident that this flight in Space was intended to exhibit the sublime, as well as the wonderful—

True sublimity comprehends the vast, the awful, the lofty, and the terrible; grandeur, excellence, splendour, and magnificence.

There is also another little word; what is described should be probable. That which is impossible can never be the source of sublimity—poetical fiction has its limits, if what is described did not happn, let it be possible that it could have happened.

That which is an unnatural mixture, or combination of images, or a description unsuitable in language to what is described, produces the burlesque, the ludicrous, and the ridiculous.

Where any Author, and particularly such a doughty Author as Byron, voluntarily involves himself in difficulty and absurdity, he has no claim of escape from that criticism to which he rendered his production liable. He has chosen to form his Cain into a Drama—that which is represented by action, or rather a combination of dialogue and action, instead of narrative and description, that at least which is capable of representation—and which, at all events, is not impossible to have happened, or to be enacted.

Had Byron formed his Cain into narrative, instead of action and dialogue, the action might have been described, without the characters, persons, or beings, essential to representation, being made *actors* and performers of the things described. Cain, instead of taking a trip in his body and person, weight and substance, over the Gap of Space, might have slept quietly by the side of his gentle wife and sister, Adah, and have *dreamed* all about this passage to the realms of death, the shadows with tusks, &c. besides, there is some excuse for dreaming nonsense—he might have related all this, and told his tale to his dear wife. But Byron was determined to wear the Cap of Fools, and to shew his Cain in new style.

The climax of absurdity, however, is not yet attained. After Cain's remark or question—

"Can I do so without impiety?"

Lucifer says—"*Believe*—and *sink not*! *doubt*—and *perish*! thus
Would run the edict of the *other God*
Who names me *demon* to his angels! they
Echo the sound to *miserable things*,
Which knowing nought beyond their *shallow senses*,
Worship the word which strikes *their ear*, and deem
Evil or good what is *proclaim'd* to them
In their *abasement*. I will have none such;
Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold
The *worlds* beyond thy *little world*, nor be
Amerced, for doubts beyond thy *little life*,
With torture of *my* dooming. There will come
An hour, when *toss'd upon some water-drops*,
A *man* shall say to a *man*, "*Believe in me*,
And walk the waters;" and the man *shall walk*
The billows and be safe. I will not say
Believe in me, as *a conditional creed*
To save thee; *but fly with me o'er the gulf*
Of space an equal flight, and I will show
What thou dar'st not deny, the history
Of *past*, and *present*, and of *future* worlds."

The impiety of this speech will be met in the general argument. I shall now consider that part of it which states—

"There will come
An hour, when tossed upon some water drops
A man shall say to a man 'believe in me',
And walk the waters;" and the man shall walk the
Billows, and be safe."

There is a natural hesitation to criticise the ridicule of blasphemous ribaldry, upon a subject we are accustomed to contemplate with reverence.—But it is upon these points Byron must in a great measure be criticised, if his Cain be criticised at all.

Upon this passage is apparent the falsehood of Byron, in introducing any allusion to the New Testament, which he appeared to be afraid of when he wrote his preface, and undertook not to meddle with.

The reader is referred to Matthew for the text, c. 14. v. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 32.

As the passage in Cain is, in fact, a denial of Christ being the Son of God; the Author was induced to insert the subsequent remarks.—A *man* did not say to a man, believe in me and walk the waters.

There was no condition or belief attached to the accordance of Peter's request, which was, "Lord, if it be thou, let me come unto thee on the water."—Jesus only said, "Come." He did not say, either in words or in effect—"Believe in me and walk the waters."

The man Peter, although he was saved, did not walk the waters, and be safe, for he was, from want of faith, beginning to sink; when he was relieved by Jesus, who only mildly reproved him for his want of faith, when the same power that raised the storm caused it to subside. Instead of a man (supposing Jesus to be a man only) being tossed on water drops, the sea itself is previously and naturally described in Scripture as being tossed with waves, and our Saviour, instead of being tossed on water drops, spoke to his disciples when he walked upon the sea.

Besides, Byron makes the man walk the billows and be safe, and the Saviour be tossed on water drops. Nothing but a mixture of ignorance, folly, and extravagance, could imagine a *man* being tossed on *some* water drops.

Such are the blunders of impiety.

The next part of this speech worth noticing is—

"I will not say
Believe in me as a conditional creed
To save thee."

Here Lucifer appears to suggests the idea of flying—for he adds—

"But fly with me over the gulf
Of space an equal flight, for I will shew
What thou dar'st not deny—the history
Of past, present, and of future worlds,"

(Which by the bye he could not, or did not shew.) What was meant by a conditional creed, it would be as hard for Byron to explain, as for any human being to understand.

How the flight over that trifling gap, the gulf of space, could be an equal flight, those who think spirit as *heavy* as body may perhaps appreciate.

As to Cain's not daring to deny (what poor fellow he could not have known) the history of past, present, and future worlds, which Lucifer took care not to tell, it was not very likely he should attempt it. But he appears to be alarmed, and to wish himself fairly back again, as the following conversation will evince—

Cain.—"Oh, God, or demon, or whate'er thou art,
Is you our earth?"
Lucifer.—"Dost thou not recognize
The dust which formed your father?"

How could he? Was his father composed of the dust of the whole earth, and turned into a planet? If not, how could the dust be seen of which his father was composed? But Cain does not venture to criticise, he only wonders and replies—

"Can it be?
Yon small blue circle, swinging in far ether,
With an inferior circlet near it still,
Which looks like that which lit our earthly night?
Is this our Paradise? where are its walls,
And they who guarded them?"

Where indeed? But Cain maintains his part in this Drama with very fair spirit, for although he was a little confounded, he was not at all events dumfounded.

The dust which formed Cain's father, it appears was a small blue circle—I will not inquire how this could have happened, but as the firmament, or ether, or space, is described to be blue, for Cain afterwards elegantly exclaims—"How we *cleave* the blue," the whole, except where the *lights* appeared, must have been blue and all blue.

It is not, therefore, easy to conceive how the small blue circle could have been seen at all, unless it had been very light, or very dark blue.

Byron should have told the truth of the matter. The idea of a small blue circle, swinging in far ether, really is singular. I have heard of boys swinging between two trees on a band or rope tied to each of

them, and have also seen the show swings sometimes dangerous to the occupiers, but amongst the whole of the astronomical discoveries, never heard of a planet that had a taste for swinging.—Where the pendulum of its oscillation hung, perhaps Byron will find it difficult to describe.

But what follows in this short speech of Cain is more wonderful, for he says of the inferior circlet (of course the moon) "it looks like that which lit our earthly night."—Now this was most extraordinary, Cain only recognized the Moon, from the similarity of its *then* appearance, to the one which lit Cain's earthly night.

The learned reader must not be offended, when the Author explains truths familiar only to *the learned.*

He hopes to be read by those who are otherwise employed than in the study of Optics or Astronomy, and will give such explanations as he may deem necessary.

The Moon's diameter is about 2180 miles, the diameter of the earth is about 7970 miles, so that the earth is considerably more than three times larger than the moon.

How, when the Earth looked like a small circle, the Moon, although an inferior circlet, (a circle and a circlet pretty!) looked as big as when Cain viewed it near Paradise, was very odd.

The world, doubtless, will soon be favoured with some discoveries on the laws of Vision, by which the less body will remain, at an immense distance, as large, and the larger body become diminished almost into invisibility. This is sad work. The best of the joke is, that the Moon is smaller and larger at the same moment. Poor Byron—keep to Satire, which is generally half doggerel and abuse, and you will be at home; perhaps this circlet had a taste for swinging too.

But Alps on Alps arise,
Absurdities upon Absurdities.

They will make a terrible heap before I have done with this.

"Wit among Lords."
Pelion on Ossa, or Ossa on Pelion, mere trifles to it.

Lucifer, instead of telling Cain where the walls of Paradise were, and those who guarded them, perhaps not knowing exactly what to say, very uncivilly meets a question by another, and says to Cain—

"Point me out the site
Of Paradise."

Cain replies, "How could I? *As we move*
Like sunbeams onwards, it grows small and smaller,
And as it waxes little, and then less, then it
Gathers a halo round it, like the light
Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I
Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:
Methinks *they both,* as we recede from them,
Appear to join the innumerable stars
Which are around us; and, as we move on,
Increase their myriads."

It grows small and smaller, &c.

What? Paradise he could not see. This is very surprising, but it is only another blunder. If Paradise was meant, and that is the plain meaning of the language, and not the earth, it was very strange how Paradise could look like the roundest of the stars. But although Byron

was probably in his cups, and did not know what he meant, I will kindly relieve him and *suppose* he meant the earth.

It *grows* small and smaller, (an odd way of growing) it then waxes little and then less—and then it gathers a halo round it like the light,

> "Which shone the roundest of the stars,
> When he beheld them from the walls of Paradise."

What was meant by the roundest of the stars? Had Cain taken the measure of the stars and found some of them angular? And then they both (that is the earth and the moon) appeared to join the stars.

Let it be told how Cain could have seen the moon at all when the earth was reduced to the size of a star.

As well may we see any of the Satellites of Jupiter, Saturn, &c. with the naked eye, however, they join the innumerable stars together. What acuteness of ken, and perspicacity of vision, this hero, Cain, must have possessed; travelling at such a rate to see them *both* among so many, for they "increased the Myriads."

Then Lucifer and Cain chatter very deliberately. Cain declares he will not propagate death and multiply murder, &c. and then becomes pathetic, exclaiming—

> "Oh, thou beautiful and unimaginable ether."

I really think that "Oh," which is an exclamation of pain, sorrow, or surprise, had better have been avoided. "Ah," would have been more tender and expressive of extreme sensibility.

The ether might be beautiful because it was *blue*, but how it could have been *unimaginable* when Cain was in it, it is indeed difficult to *imagine;* and then he addresses the multiplying masses of lights increasing and multiplying, and then he asks—

> "What are ye? What
> Is this wilderness of interminable
> Air; where as ye roll along as I have seen
> The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden."

"The wilderness of air"—very pretty idea; but how the lights could roll along as the leaves did along the limpid streams of Eden, is singular. What! planets, and moons, and certainly stars, for he says, the earth and moon joined the stars rolling like leaves in the water!!! There is another wonder; how could Cain see any rolling at all? Quite as likely, however, as the swinging.

There is another little difficulty, Cain endeavours to draw a comparison of the lights (or worlds, moons, and stars) with leaves rolling along in Eden's streams; rather curious this, because he never happened to be there!

Cain then wants to be nearer the lights, and tells Lucifer, to let him see them nearer, or to let him expire; what a mixture of curiosity and pathos! Lucifer says—

> "Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth."

Certainly he was nearer than he had been; but he wanted to be nearer and nearer *still.*

Cui bono? What use was Cain's even turning his head to look back to *his* earth; for, long before, the earth and moon had joined the stars, and Cain very justly asks—

> "Where is it? I see nothing, save a mass
> Of *most* innumerable lights."

Lucifer.—"Look there."—(where?)
Cain.—"I cannot see it!"
Lucifer.—"Yet it sparkles still."
Cain.—"What yonder?"

Where? Had Cain's friend pointed out the spot? If not, amongst all these *lights*, how could Cain, who had never been in the abyss of space before, know *where* to look, or how to distinguish one *light* from another? This difficulty must have been increased, from his aukward situation of flying forwards and looking backwards. It is natural to suppose, that the wings must have been an additional obstruction to this *backward sight;* but these were trifles beneath the notice of Byron. To Cain's exclamation, "What, yonder?" Lucifer, with true Spartan-like brevity, replies, "Yea," now some theatrical gesture must have accompanied Cain's question! The agility of a harlequin must have been nothing to it; but the reply is very descriptive and deliberate—

Cain. And wilt thou tell me so?
Why, I have seen the fire flies and fire worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight, brighter than yon
World which bears them."

This is neither a simile, a comparison, nor an illustration. There is a mixture of dancing, floating, fire-flies, and reposing worms, with fire too; but how the restless fire-flies, with their red glow, could be like the light emanating from the calm, pale, twinkling, silvery lustre of a world turned into a star (or which joined the stars,) beaming from its sphere, which before *sparkled*, it is difficult to comprehend.

The idea of a world being turned into a sun is a very *prodigious* idea, an excretion from the previous absurdity.

How the earth *bore* fire-flies and fire-worms, one i' th' air, the other on the banks, unless *from* their being *bred* in the earth they were born in, or borne by the earth, seems strange, unless it be admitted, that the earth bears fire-flies and fire-worms like so many potatoes. Lucifer says to this—

"Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,
Each bright and sparkling, what dost thou think of them?"

Fine instance of sublime association this; he had seen worms and he had seen worlds. The great misfortune as to the last of these "*things*" was, that they were too far off for Cain to ascertain particulars; so supposing he had seen them, it was to very little purpose, at any rate, it did not tend to *satiate* him with knowledge; he might as well have stopped quietly with his sister or wife, Adah, near the walls of Paradise.

It would be a pity to spoil Cain's speech, who says, in answer to the question of what he thought about the worms and worlds—

"That they are beautiful in their own sphere, and
That the night, which makes both beautiful,
The little shining fire fly in his flight,
And the immortal Star in its great course,
Must both be guided."

The power of the Almighty is infinite, as much in the minuteness as in the expansion of matter, in that which mocks the telescopic eye as in the vastness of extent, and the splendour of magnificence. In this passage, there is a mixture of the lofty and the mean—the exalted and the contemptible.

As the devil shews his claw, we perceive Byron's object is derision. The plain meaning is, that the Almighty is exhibited in a ludicrous point of view, as the guider of stars, and the director of fire-flies.

That worlds, or planets, and suns, are beautiful in their spheres, is granted. But who ever invented such an idea as a sphere or spheres for fire-worms or fire-flies. By and by we shall have spheres for grass-hoppers, gnats, and butterflies,

"And the immortal star in its great course."

He who dares to ridicule the Supreme Being, and who has attempted to outrage the understanding of mankind, should be careful how he renders himself the laughing-stock of those, whose detestation had not previously been mingled with contempt.

No school-boy, learning the first rules of astronomy, would have committed so gross a blunder as Byron has done in this line. The whole passage is such a compression of nonsense, that I am tired of exhibiting it; but as I have undertaken to shew the filth, if not to expunge the impurities of this Augean stable of impiety, I must to my task;—I am entitled to judge the passage by the strict rules of astronomical definition.

The planets, which revolve round our Sun, are Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, the planet discovered by the late Dr. Herschel, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, the last four being newly discovered planets.

All the rest of the luminaries we see at night by the naked eye or telescope, are fixed suns; the centres of systems having planets, some of them with their attendant moons, revolving round them, at least, so it is supposed. Although these stars are perceived, the planets revolving round them cannot be seen, being so much smaller. For instance, it would require ten hundred thousand globes or worlds, as large as the earth, to make a globe or sphere as large as the sun; our sun could, therefore, be seen by the inhabitants of any planet revolving round other suns, when our world or Saturn, the largest planet, could not.

It is clear, that as all these fixed suns are called stars, Byron meant one of these stars or fixed suns, as he must have known the difference between a star and a planet. That he did know the difference, is proved by his describing the earth as a scarcely yet shaped planet. Although the fire-fly, in its *sphere* of flight has plenty of *courses*; a star has none at all; but according to this lord, it not only has a course, but a "*great course*." Where? to what part? and how? for what purpose? and upon that principle? Poor lord, you can't tell; all these stars turn on their axes, like our sun, which performs its evolution in 25 days, and 10 hours; but independently of this motion, they are stationary and not excursive; but this Author confounds stars and planets and every thing else; he can lay his paws upon—

Lucifer.—"But by whom or what?"
Cain.—"Shew me."
Lucifer.—"Dar'st thou behold?"
Cain.—"How know I what
I dare behold? *as yet* thou hast shewn *nought*
I dare not look on further."

What a pity, ought and nought in Nottingham and its neighbourhood, where the Noble Lord germed, are the privilege of the vulgar.

But, indeed, Cain had reason to complain, for—

Except the sight
Of many a light

he had not seen any thing, save the swinging circle and the circlet. The subsequent dialogue is not long, reader, you shall have it—

Lucifer.—"On then, with me.
Wouldst thou behold things mortal, or immortal?"

This was a puzzler to Cain, who, according to Byron's account, knew nothing of immortality.

Cain.—"What are things?"
Lucifer.—"Both partly; but what doth
Sit next thy heart?"
Cain.—"The things I see."
Lucifer.—"But what *sate* next it?"
Cain.—"The things I have not seen."

Rather singular, that without his seeing them, they should *sit* so near his heart!

Without any explanation, he appears to understand that, of which he was a moment before ignorant of, namely, "*things.*"

"Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death!!"

Lucifer.—"What, if I show thee *things* which have died,
As I have shewn thee much which cannot die?"

What *things* were these?

Cain, in imitation doubtless of Lucifer's brevity, says—

"Do so."
Lucifer.—"Away then on our mighty wings."
Cain.—"Oh! (was he in pain?) how we *cleave the blue!*
The stars fade from us!
The earth! where is *my* earth? let me look on it,
For I was made of it."

Poor fellow he appears to have felt great sympathy for *his* earth, and as he says he was made of it this may be accounted for, but as he could not see it a very short time before, it was odd that he should desire to see it again. This ridicule, as well as just criticism of Byron, it may be said is too light for the nature of the subject. The Author may inquire in what other possible manner such weakness, folly, deficiency in argument, and nonsense, could have been treated? Where any serious or impious attempt has been made by Byron, it has been and will be properly met. That ridicule is the test of truth is an old remark, but at any rate he who has sneered at all that is sacred, deserves its application where he has rendered himself liable to its infliction.

The progress of Cain, through space, is produced from the extravagance of the imagination which created it, such trash is beneath the dignity of seriousness, and is too frivolous for the refutation by argument. But unfortunately, unless the errors of Byron's Cain are detected, and its absurdities exposed, those who think it very clever, very sublime, and invincible to attack, will retain their opinions.—These and other reasons have caused a greater latitude of reply than it deserves.

However, Cain is told in answer to the question, Where is *my* earth?

"Tis now beyond thee,"

After more conversation Lucifer says—

"Away then"

Did they rest at this time, or was it intimated to Cain that they should fly faster?

Cain.—"But the *lights* fade from me fast,
And some till now grew larger as we approach'd,
And wore the look of worlds."

Cain is told they are so, and may have Edens in them.

"Aye, and Serpents too," says Cain.

Lucifer replies—

"Wouldst thou have men without them? must
No reptiles
Breathe save the erect ones?"
Cain.—"How fast the *lights* recede!
Where fly we?"
Lucifer.—"To the world of phantoms which *are* beings past,
And shadows *still to come.*"

The Author has made the extracts from Cain, freely, for the exhibition of Byron's style and matter in this part of the work; who will deny that he is entitled to the cap and bells?

How the phantoms *are*, or were beings past, and shadows *still* to *come*, perhaps even the grammatical knowledge of Lindley Murray cannot demonstrate.

Cain.—"It grows dark and dark, the stars are gone."

This must have been a sort of double darkness, dark after it had been dark.

Lucifer.—"And yet thou see'st.
Cain. 'Tis a fearful light!
No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.
The very *blue* of the *empurpled night*
Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see
Huge dusky masses; but unlike the *worlds*
We were approaching, which, begirt with light
Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere
Of light gave way, and show'd them taking shapes
Unequal, of deep vallies and vast mountains;
And some emitting sparks, and some displaying
Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt
With luminous belts, and floating moons, which took
Like *them* the features of fair Earth:—instead,
All here seems dark and dreadful."

It certainly must have been a very odd light when there was no sun, or moon, or lights innumerable; one would think it must have been *very cold, and cold*, yet if the cold was felt, Cain disdained to complain, and bore it like a dramatic hero without flinching.

It is tedious to anatomize absurdity. But previous to dissecting this speech, it is necessary to make some observations on the remark of Cain—

"How *fast* the lights *recede*!
Where fly we?"

To what part or parts did *the lights* (that is the stars) fall back? Where did they retreat? Had Cain and Lucifer at that time cleaved the blue at the rate of 100 millions of miles in a minute, it would have made no difference in their appearance; their distances from any part of our solar system being so immense. It could only, therefore, have been a retrocession of the stars themselves that Byron

meant, and they must have been quick at their work; for immediately after Cain says—It grows dark, and dark, the stars are gone! How! the stars! the vast and resplendent globes of light, the souls of matter, and the secondary causes of existence, the subtle representatives and shadows of their Creator, placed in the infinite regions of space, at immense and inconceivable distances, fixed in their glorious spheres, rolling in orbicular grandeur on their mighty centres, from which the comet lights its blaze; the sources of light, heat, and existence to their revolving worlds, and the causes of centrifugal and centripetal harmony, could recede—

Let this Lordling tell?—let him describe their retrocession?—Let—no more. This passage exceeds all that madness ever fancied, or delirium dreamed.

"But it grows dark, and dark—the stars are gone!!!"

This is a drama indeed! the mystery of all the mysteries that ever puzzled the brain, or confounded the understanding of an Author. Where Byron did the stars go?

And yet all this is very fine!
Here stalks majestic the sublime!

Then being dark it is a fearful light, no sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.

Here the reasons of its being dark are given for its being light.

"No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable."

The Author has avoided the exposition of at least half of the absurdities this part of Cain exhibits. Attacking the whole of them, would render criticism tedious—but it is almost impossible to avoid the introduction of the following remarks:—The Sun is not before noticed, and the re-introduction of the Moon appears to have been adopted for the purpose of their disappearance together, and to vanish, at the same time, as the innumerable lights. It seems that the moon and the worlds could be seen at any time Byron chose to render them visible, who appears not to have known that the light originates from the sun, which enlightens our system, and that the worlds or planetary bodies, (including the moon) belonging to it, are only visible when they are in such a situation that the light they receive from the sun can be reflected upon the earth. If these two heroes were in any other system, the same effect would have been produced from the Sun of that system. However, the rules of Astronomy do not trouble the Noble Lord, with him they were always visible, but what *seems* to be very extraordinary, is that the moon should be revisible, to accompany the invisibility of the sun, (the poor earth being left in the lurch) at the same time as the sun and the innumerable lights went out, or disappeared.

When the moon so long before could not be seen by Cain, what caused her re-appearance, we are indeed left in the dark to discover.

If these characters were out of our system at the time of the moon's re-disappearance was remarked, the wonder is still greater how she could have become visible or rather revisible; to become again invisible, when it is recollected that beyond the limits of our planetary system (and Cain and Lucifer were, by the insanity of this Author's imagination, beyond the Gulf of Space,) the moon must have been totally invisible.

" The very blue of the empurpled *night*,
Fades to a dreary twilight."

The *very* blue of *purple* night. Why the *very* blue—but the blue of purple strange! Purple is red tinctured with blue.—What gave the tint? If there was a fearful light when it was dark, from whence did it proceed?

" Yet I see huge dusky masses,
Says *Cain*—" But unlike the worlds we were approaching
Which begirt with light,
Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere of light
Gave way."

Now what this part of Cain's speech means, it is difficult to comprehend. The huge dusky masses were unlike the worlds Cain was *approaching*, that is, at a few millions of miles distance, how could the worlds have seemed full of life, which Cain had not been near enough to examine—or their atmospheres "gave way," which Cain had not penetrated. But the worlds Cain and Lucifer were *approaching*, were begirt with light, that is surrounded with light, and they *seemed* full of life, *even* when their atmospheres of light gave way. What did their atmospheres of light give way to, supposing Cain and his sable companion had got into them, to one body and one spirit; or were the atmospheres only ruffled a little? If the worlds *seemed* only full of life, (close crammed) what did Cain *see* that made him think they *seemed* full of life? What wonder was produced to render the adverb necessary, as this seeming was produced *even* where their light gave way? I have heard chairmen call out make way, and seen a crowd retreat and give way, but never before heard of atmospheres of light giving way; it was something like *cleaving the blue*. Did *all* the atmospheres of all these worlds yield in a similar manner, and exhibit the same symptoms?

It is wonderful that so much nonsense could be contained in so small a compass.

" And showed them taking shapes," (what an idea for worlds to be taking shapes) of " deep valleys," " vast mountains," " some emitting sparks," " some displaying enormous liquid plains," " some begirt with luminous belts and floating moons, which look like *them* the *features* of *fair earth*."

Had Cain seen any of these " deep valleys," " vast mountains," and some " emitting sparks," and the " *shapes*" of " enormous liquid plains," luminous belts and *floating moons*, near to the walls of Paradise? I will give him credit for the deep valleys and vast mountains, although they are not previously described—but not for mountain volcanoes of which nothing was told. Nor can I give him credit for having seen the *shapes* of enormous liquid plains, as he never was at sea, nor had he been favoured with a *sight* of the ocean. As to the luminous belts how could Cain have seen or known any thing of them—there being but one in our planetary system, belonging to Saturn, of which Cain could have known nothing, telescopes not having been discovered in his time; and how he could have seen the earth, his " *fair earth*," *begirt* with floating moons, our earth being only favoured with the attendance of one moon? How all these wonders could have been *seen* by Cain, which looked, or to use the noble's language, " which look *like them* the *features* of fair earth," was most astonishing. Descend, O Prince of Poets, from thy self erected throne,

and explain these incomprehensible *features* to our common understanding. What acuteness and sagacity of remark Cain must have possessed, as this appears to have been his first journey. As his back was turned towards the earth, while he was air treading—he could hardly have perceived all these " like *them* the features of fair earth," (elegant) and when he first turned his head they could not have been discoverable, as the earth was diminished to a small blue circle. If Cain had not seen any of these wonders upon wonders, how could he have drawn the comparison, or have perceived the similarity?

" Instead,
All here seems dark and dreadful."

So that after being dark, and dark, and light after, or rather whilst it was dark, it was all the time dark and dreadful, in which case the blue purple or twilight, &c. must have been invisible.

Lucifer says,— " But distinct,"

Another wonder, it was dark and it was distinct.

" Thou seek'st to behold death and dead things!
Cain says,—I seek it not, but as I know there are
Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and me,
And all that we inherit, liable
To such. I would behold at once what I
Must one day see perforce."

What a combination of accuracy and elegance! Here is Byronian poetry! mixed up with a neat plagiarism from Shakspeare.

Lucifer.—" Behold!"
Cain.—" 'Tis darkness."
Lucifer.—" And so it shall be ever."

Ever, never, sever—Byronian ryhmes.
Clever! clever! clever!

Behold,
When Cain was told,

Where his eyes shut? If they were not, what was he to behold, that he did not then behold? it was dark before, was it dark, and dark, a sort of double darkness over again he was to behold? then Lucifer says—

" We will unfold its gates."

Was not Lucifer able to do it alone, and for what were the gates to be unfolded? on what sort of hinges were they turnable.

Cain.—" Enormous vapours roll
Apart. What's this?"

How could he see them if it was *darkness ever*.

Lucifer.—" Enter."

Cain.—" Can I return?"

Lucifer.—" Return! be sure, how else should death be peopled?"
" Its present realm is thin to what it will be,
" Through thee and thine."
Cain.—" The clouds still open wide,
And wider, and make widening circles round us."

They were very accommodating clouds, but what had become of the gates that Lucifer and Cain were to open, perhaps it was too dark to find them.

Cain.—" And thou." (Cain was afraid he should be left in the lurch.)
Lucifer.—" Fear not, without me thou
Could'st not have gone beyond thy world. On! on!
(They disappear through the clouds.)

From whom could they disappear, Byron knew there were no spectators. The conclusion is that at the time this Drama, or mystery, was written, he intended it should be represented perhaps on Salisbury plain, on a confined scale. Lucifer certainly forgot the promise he made to Cain, that if Cain would have faith in him, he should be borne on the air, he bore him not, but afterwards said, Cain should fly with him over the Abyss of Space, which appears to have been the case as Lucifer afterwards exclaims, " away then on our mighty wings." Cain answers by remarking, Oh how *we* cleave the *blue*, Lucifer therefore should not have arrogated to himself more credit than he deserved which was no more than the furnishing Cain with wings.

Of one of these two personages I shall take as little notice as is possible: in the treatise on the art of flying, indulging myself in the following extracts and remarks, as a finish to these notes.

When Cain sees the dim worlds in the realms of death in the next scene, he says—

" For they seem more than one, and yet more peopled,
Than the *huge brilliant luminous* orbs, which swung
So *thickly* in the upper air."

In the mid space the mighty Planet swung,
Say Noble where the pendulum was hung.

But acording to the extract they were all swinging together, *huge*, *brilliant*, *luminous*, what great and shining words!!

As these orbs must have had a great many pendulums at work, so there must have been as many fulcrums. Where Byron were they fixed? and how supported? somewhere, where?

Tho' clever, clever,
Tell thou wilt, never, never.

ON THE

ART OF FLYING, &c.

From Icarus to Peter Wilkins and Baron Munchausen, there has been a scarcity of fliers; rather more riders in the air than air fliers, such as Witches on broomsticks, Enchanters on dragons, &c. A wooden horse had a peg in his head, which, being turned according to certain rules, caused the docile animal to carry at pleasure. Phæton was a driver instead of a flier, and when he could neither drive nor ride, exhibited the art of sinking, like the poor philosopher in Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, who fled or sunk into the water, where his wings proved, by the timely assistance they afforded, that water is a *little heavier* than air.

However, Byron thought he would not be outdone, and certainly, for which great credit should be allowed him, he has caused Cain to outfly them all.

Homer and Virgil were content to let their heroes descend upon tangible ground into the regions of Tartarus, and ascend upon the same palpable, though subterraneous earth, upon which they had descended. These accounts, however fabulous or imaginary, were conformable to the then received but mistaken opinions of heathen mythology.

Even poor Orpheus, that paragon of husbands, complied with the same means of descent and retrogradation.

Milton did not attempt to make Adam fly,

When Michael visited Adam, to comfort him in his affliction after his expulsion from Paradise,

> "To shew thee (Adam) what will come in future days,
> To thee and thy offspring,"

He desired him to ascend the Hill, and they both ascended it together.

But the dignity of aristocratic genius is in Lord Byron, above the decencies of probability, by which such men as Homer, Virgil, and Milton, were regulated and restrained in the excursions of their imagination.—It is necessary to remind my readers, that before Lucifer and Cain were exhibited in the commencement of the 2d act of Cain, in the Abyss of Space, Lucifer promised Cain's wife to bring him back in an hour—in sooth—that he broke his engagement, which as the father of lies was very likely, is shewn by the appearance of Cain near Eden, in act 3d, in company with his wife Adah, not a jot worse for his journey, but sound wind and limb. It is not told how he got back from the realms of death, they disappear at the end of the 2d act, in the realms of death; but Lucifer does not appear afterwards to perform his promise to Adah.

Nevertheless, Adah wonders that Lucifer so soon gave Cain back "to us," and says that she can forgive Lucifer *all* (for what, is not said) for

that reason, which was rather odd, as Lucifer had kept Cain away twice the time he promised.—Then Cain wonders she should call it so soon, and Adah, to make a certainty of the matter, says,

> " 'Tis scarcely
> Two hours since ye departed : two long hours
> To me, but only hours upon the sun."

Whether she had a sun dial, or how she knew any thing of hours *upon* the sun, there is not time to enquire. Not a syllable was said on the journey to the realms of death ; that Cain had approach'd the sun, &c. He only said, "No sun, &c."

> *Cain.*—" And yet I have approach'd that sun, and seen
> Worlds which he once shone on, and never more
> Shall light, and worlds be never lit."

He adds that he thought years had rolled away during his absence. Poor blank verse run mad again. The rank nonsense of this passage, and others equally absurd, future criticism shall visit. All I want at present, is to shew that Byron stated Cain had arrived in other systems, the planets of which the sun had never lit.

Whether Cain approached the sun directly or not, he increased the distance of his flight in proportion to his approach to that great luminary.

The *time* of Cain's absence being ascertained by Adah's *solar* observation—the allowance of time for the performance of the journey to the realms of death, and for the return of Cain to the earth is one hour, half an hour each ; as reader there are twenty-two pages of this 1s. 6d. publication, closely printed, containing the conversation between Lucifer and Cain, during the time they remained in the Phantasmagorian regions of death, and had they talked with the garrulity of a washerwoman, it would have taken them at least an hour to talk and to wonder.

Byron is not a sporting character, in the Yorkshire sense of the word, but he is, nevertheless, fond of *game*.

He rejoiced in making the wolves and the poor poets his quarry. In future I mean to make him my quarry, and will kindly perform the office of hawk to him.

If he had been a sporting character, he would have learned a few truths ; ignorant as he appears to be of philosophic truth, which would probably have prevented him from making such a fool of himself, at all events as to the rate of Cain's speed, and the *things* he describes to have seen in this most wonderful flight. Of Byron it may be said—

> His tinkling muse incessant rings,
> Men, worms, and worlds, are *things, things, things* !

If Byron had been tied fast to the saddle of a staunch hunter, as the monkey was who teased his master's horses, and had been started after a pack of fox-hounds, he might, after a hard run, have discovered that this speed, a snail's crawl, compared to that of Cain, would have produced a temporary suspension of breath and eye sight ; and if, without being strapped on, he had been mounted on the back of such a race horse as " the Flying Childers," at the utmost exertion of his speed, (a *rate* of sixty miles in an hour) even for one minute, quite long enough for such a horse to continue at such speed, and for such a Lord to bestride him, he would not have *seen* much on the road, nor probably *have lived* to tell, like Cain, what he had *not* seen.

Reader, I hear you exclaim, is this the language of a serious defender of religion, and of an opposer of impiety and blasphemy ? The reply is

that it is illustrating truth by instances familiar to the unlearned, by whom the conclusion may be understood from their understanding the premises.

A race course exhibits a scene deserving of patronage, from its effect in encouraging the breed of that noble and useful animal, the horse; but from a race course may be derived some of the most important principles of science. If two or more horses start to run a course of four miles, and pass a spectator at starting; and supposing the course of four miles is not exactly round, but at its opposite side is a mile distant from such spectator, and that at this distance the rate of speed is the same as when the animals started, what would be the effect? Their appearance, in point of size, would not only be decreased according to the extent of the distance, but also the apparency of their speed be diminished in comparison with the vision like the vanishing of their disappearance when passing immediately before the eye of the spectator.—This apparent diminution of speed, being produced exactly by the proportion of such distance. From these effects, may be deduced the geometrical basis of Mathematical Astronomy, upon the two plain principles, that bodies diminish in apparent size, in proportion to the extent of their distance, and that the apparent rate of their speed diminishes also precisely upon the same principle. If this be true, without going into the complication and intricacy of astronomical calculation, and supposing that the distances of the remotest fixed stars cannot be discovered from the difficulty, and almost impossibility, of finding their parallaxes one clear conclusion remains, namely, that as the earth is in its annual motion round the sun, in its ecliptic orbit, in its motion from West to East at one time, at an immense distance in space from what it is at another, nearly two hundred millions of miles. Yet as this does not produce the least difference in the appearance of the planets, (in the stars it would be impossible, (admitting the planets varied,) we are entitled to conclude, they are at a vast distance from the earth, which is confirmed by their rate or progression not being perceptible.

However, the ignorance and absurdity of Byron, exhibited in his work of Cain, may be apparent to those who possess critical acumen; that they are not perceptible to the mass, the praises bestowed upon it by its admirers (it having been termed the soul of poetry, &c.) and the extensive sale the cheap editions of it have obtained sufficiently prove.

In the detection of its nonsense, some relief may be experienced from the necessary investigation of scientific truth. The theatre of its dramatic action in the journey of Lucifer and Cain is space—an ample theatre indeed. That we are called upon to believe, as far as works of fiction are entitled to belief, that the journey was performed, that it was probable, or that it was not impossible to have been performed, the following list of characters, printed at the head of the book, evinces:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.		*Women.*
ADAM.		EVE.
CAIN.		ADAH.
ABEL.		ZILLAH.
	Spirits.	
ANGEL OF THE LORD.		LUCIFER.

Infinity is either comparative or absolute. Comparative infinity, however inconceivable and uncalculable in its extension, is composed of that space which is occupied by created or animated matter, of solar and planetary existence; but which, being in the whole indefinite and unknown, cannot be crossed in a given finite time, it being as much inaccessible to calculation as absolute infinity.

This definition of comparative infinity does not destroy the accuracy of astronomical calculation, confining its extent to such parts of space to which there is a possibility of its application. To this description of infinity there is a circumference.

When the Author was young, he imagined, that the greatness, goodness, and omnipotence of the Supreme Being cause the continual enlargement of this circle or circumference in the formation of chaotic matter into suns, systems, and beings, as the composition of the following prayer may illustrate:—

Father of light, before thy sacred throne,
Of viewless glore, immortal and alone,
Where as thou viewest creation's countless suns,
Revolves his worlds, and rolls his circling moons,
Launching fresh systems, in the realms of space,
From chaos' hoary pow'r, and gloomy night's embrace,
Fresh sons and daughters calling into birth,
From other sacred orbs, and other clods of earth;
Repentance lifts to thee the heartful sigh,
The sick man's pray'r, the widow's hapless cry,
Upborne by mercy sweet and heavenly charity.

These ideas are by no means injurious to religion. Our greatest Authors have wandered into the immense regions of extension.

The innumerable stars, Milton says, are—

"Ordain'd for uses to his (man's) Lord best known."

Raphael, the Archangel, also justly tells Adam—

"Be lowly wise,
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree
Contented that thus far has been reveal'd."—MILTON.

The human mind shrinks into its insignificance, when contemplating the works of the Almighty:—

"Man was not made to *question* but *adore*."—YOUNG.

We should, therefore, contemplate his works with awe and reverence and the more closely adhere to that revelation of divine truth, which in his goodness he hath revealed to man.

Absolute space is that, which has no definite or indefinite extent, which includes animate and inanimate matter—the spherical harmony of systems, and the roar and discord of nonelemental and chaotic confusion—that which is boundless, endless, and inexhaustible; and which being illimitable, defies circumscription. Of this description of space, there can be no centre, because that which has no circumference cannot possess a centre. Absolute space being immense, even as the calculation of eternity made or to be made for ever and ever.

At hundreds of thousands of millions and millions of miles distance from any point or part of absolute space, there would be the centre as much as any where else.

In this positive or absolute sense, it is as a whole, speaking mentally measureless, inconceivable, and indivisible.

The Author will, if necessary, prove, that the second definition does not contradict the first.

Comparative space will soon be found to be rather too wide for Byron's heroes. Reader, thou hast heard of the rapid and almost imperceivable sinuosity, and the lightening-like movements and convolutions displayed by the Boa or Anaconda, and the Rattle Snake, and although it may not be very difficult to tread water, yet, when the necessary motion to produce this effect in air is multiplied to an exertion, or a variety of exertions 836 times (the water's additional gravity compared with air) more or greater than is necessary in water-treading, what gesticulations and infinity of gesticulations, what variety of contortion, what almost inconceivable and inexhaustible celerity of action, Cain must have exhibited in the operation of air-treading. But supposing this treading possible, that the flying followed—

That Cain did tread,
And then he fled.

It is not unfair to require of Byron the solution of a few apparent difficulties in the mystery of mysteries. Byron has created the rate of speed of Lucifer and Cain. The human hero is my object, because he was composed of matter, (like a solid pudding) his companion of spirit. He is unmercifully launched into space, with all his imperfections on his head, of body, density, &c. and the rate of his speed is ascertained by his remark to Lucifer—

"As we move
Like sun beams onward."

That Cain should know any thing of sun-beams was rather surprising; of course, Byron knew the speed of a sun-beam, which is seven minutes and about 45 seconds in its progress from the sun to the earth, a distance of 95 millions of miles. Byron, therefore, cannot complain, if his conception and description of his performers' rate of travelling be adopted by his opponent.

The Author of this work has attempted to give a definition of comparative and absolute space; but definitions, however accurate, and particularly upon abstruse subjects, require illustration. And what is so grand and sublime as the contemplation of the heavens, and the wondrous effect produced by Almighty power. However the immense number of stars may mock the efforts and the calculation of human ingenuity, enough in the progressive improvement of science has been discovered to astonish even those by whom the discoveries have been produced.

It has been before mentioned, that stars or suns are the centres of their systems, and in order to give some idea of comparative space, let us consider that part of the heavens, called the Milky Way, which has been stated, to be a broad white path or track encompassing the whole heavens, and extending itself in some places with a double path, but for the most part with a single one. Telescopic discoveries have ascertained, that this path or track consists of an innumerable quantity of fixed stars different in situation and magnitude; from the confused nature of whose light its milky colour is occasioned. The light or lacteal appearance is, therefore, not strictly reflective or refractive, and to shew the vastness of comparative space—the incalculable number of fixed stars—and the littleness of man, of any man, even if he be a Lord. The late celebrated astronomer Herschell, in a small portion of this portion of space, saw 116,000 stars. Huygens says, there may be stars whose light has not yet reached the earth; and Dr. Halley asserts that the

number of stars must be more than finite, and some of them at more than a finite distance from others. Where are we, what are we, in the vastness of this discovery? Man hide thy diminished head, lost in immensity, wonder! and adore!—who created the very laws by which this discovery was made, wisdom eternal, everlasting wisdom, greatness, and power—the great source of light, life, and existence—calculate O man, conceive, imagine, if thou canst, how these wonders are performed—and doubt, if thou canst, whether this intense application for the discovery of truth implanted in thy mind, this soaring in comparative immensity, can leave a doubt, for a moment, that thou hast an immortal soul. The more we discover, the more we are lost.

As these remarks are about to terminate, the reader may not be displeased by my introducing a few more wonders of a very different nature from Byron's; they will shew there are facts which defy human speculation, and annihilate even the remotest conception of their cause.

In 1600, William Jansen discovered a changeable star in the neck of Cygnus. Kepler wrote a treatise upon the discovery, Ricciolus saw it in 1616, 1621, 1624, and 1629. It was invisible from 1640 to 1650, Cassini saw it in 1650, and in 1668, it again disappeared. In 1715, it was seen again of the 6th magnitude, and remains so. Cassini discovered eight stars in Cassiopœa, three of which have disappeared, and there are many more.—Geometry, optics, including telescopic discovery, mathematics, astronomy, fall prostrate. Puissant Lord, can you account for these phenomena; it would be a greater wonder than any of your wonders if you could.

Byron, "thou Lord of poets," wilt thou have the politeness to answer a few questions.—How was Cain launched or elevated into the air before he commenced air treading? Did he jump into it with a bold spring, or did he labour with many attempts, like a fat goose, attempting to fly? As he went at the rate of twelve millions six hundred thousands of miles in a minute, which is two hundred and ten thousand miles in a second, how did he retain mind enough to talk with so much deliberation? If he could *tread*, and *fly*, and *talk*, how could he contrive to *see*? If he could see, *how* could he make so many remarks upon the Byronian *things* he describes, and which, considering the minuteness of his description, it may be supposed he had *scarcely time* to *observe*?

> Poor Cain at all events was made to fly,
> And *cleave the blue* of vast infinity,
> And after he had left the earths firm sod,
> Bang thro' etherial air he boldly trod.

If he fled, who put on his wings? Had Lucifer strapped wings on Cain's back, quite ready to affix after they had arrived in the abyss of space? Were they fastened like the wings of Icarus with wax? How did Cain manage to tread, and to fly, where there was no air to tread, or palpability to compress?

And how was Cain sufficiently case hardened to have "*approach'd that Sun*," which considering he was not of the Salamander breed? it must have been rather difficult to approach.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a solution of these questions, and in point of justice to the Noble Lord, both myself and my readers should recollect, that he who is involved in the mists of ignorance, and bewildered in the mazes of absurdity, is not very likely to possess the translucency of mental vision, or to make that perspicuous which was dim, crude, and obscure in the chaotic confusion of his imagina-

tion, whose monstrous and unnatural creations, vanity mistook for genius, ebriety for inspiration, and folly crowned with applause.

To terminate these remarks, and again giving Byron full credit for the *rate* of his heroes flight—

That so they sped,
And so they fled.

What after this mighty effort was their situation in space, when it is described, that the *lights* faded fast, it became *dark*, and dark, the *lights* receded, the stars gone, no sun, no *moon*, no *lights* innumerable, all seemed dark and dreadful, and where Lucifer said it should be darkness ever.

Where do you suppose reader they were at the end of the half hour, or 32 minutes? Not out of the solar system, not so far as the planet Jupiter, not so far by upwards of thirteen hundred millions of miles as the planet Uranus; at that distance only where the sun must have beamed, the stars have remained bright, sparkling, and undiminished, where no gulf of space could have been passed, where Cain could not have seen worlds, the sun never lit, and from whence upwards of twelve months must have elapsed, before he could have arrived at the nearest star, and thousands of years would have been insufficient for him to pass the mighty centers of Systems, and to arrive at the verge of animated matter.

And yet the sun hid his diminished head, or rather fairly went out, the *Moon* disappeared, all the stars, the *lights* went out too, and the whole of this astonishing journey, and the confabulation in the realms of death, was enacted or performed in the moderate term of two hours!!

What was Munchausen to this? What all the fabulous history of antiquity—nothing.

O! fy,
Good bye,*

At least till I continue the poetry and remarks in the next part.

* That the general readers of the previous remarks, and the more severe judges, who make criticism a *profession*, may not give themselves unnecessary trouble, the Author thinks it necessary to explain, that as Cain and Lucifer approached the sun, they took the longest way to pass the circumference of the solar system, or the gulf of space. If they did not vary the direct line of their approach to the sun, they most likely passed through it—at any rate, it was quite as likely as the *approach* of hero Cain; or at least, if Cain found the heat a little inconvenient, or his eyes a little dazzled, he might have persuaded Lucifer to take a diagonal flight, a sort of edging by the sun, and they might have resumed their course, when convenient, in a straight line towards the extremity of our system. In either case, as credit is given them for the distance they had travelled, until Cain saw the earth as a *swinging circle*—and, indeed, for the whole 95 millions of miles, the increased length of their road, the calculation of their flight from or near the sun, at its beaming ray, like rapidity, would only in 32 minutes, have enabled them to traverse the small distance of 380 millions of miles; rather quick, certainly, but unfortunately not fast enough for them to pass the circumference of our system, or to stretch over the gulf of comparative space.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

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8.61

ERRATA.

Page 39, for "*scaling tail,*" read "*scaly tail.*"
42. for "*gloried essence,*" read "*glorious essence.*"
78. for "*happn,*" read "*happen.*"
81. for "*how could I,*" read "*how should I.*"
85. for "*by argument,*" read "*of argument.*"
93. for "*vision like the vanishing,*" read "*vision like vanishing.*"
94. for "*calculation,*" read "*calculations.*"
96. for "*mind,*" read "*wind.*"